STANDARD CATHOLIC READERS BY GRADES

EIGHTH YEAR

EIGHT BOOK SERIES

Francis A. Nichneser

575 Ainsworth ave.

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Painting by A. M. von Oer

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM

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BY

MARY E. DOYLE

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E. P. 2

PREFACE

THE selections for this volume have been chosen with reference both to their elocutionary variety and to their authorship. Although some of them are not generally so well known as others, nevertheless each has a particular value and character of its own, and ought to be familiar to every student. Nearly all of the authors represented have been leaders of thought in their time, and their works include no inconsiderable portion of the world's best literature.

In the preparation of this series of readers, valuable counsel and assistance have been given me by friendly educators and those in authority. I am especially indebted to the Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding of Peoria, for advice and encouragement in the planning and inception of the work; also to the Rt. Rev. James McGolrick of Duluth, Minnesota, to the Rt. Rev. A. F. Schinner of Superior, Wisconsin, and to other prelates and clergy who have graciously assisted me in various ways. Many thanks, too, for kindly suggestions and criticisms, are hereby proffered to numerous friends among those patient and inspiring educators — the Sisters.

MARY E. DOYLE.

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HARK! HARK! MY SOUL

Hark! hark! my soul; Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore.
How sweet the truths those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven — the heart's true home — will come at last.

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

— Rev. F. W. Faber.

A TURKISH LEGEND

A certain pasha, dead five thousand years,
Once from his harem fled in sudden tears,

And had this sentence on the city's gate
Deeply engraven, "Only God is great."

So these four words above the city's noise
Hung like the accents of an angel's voice.

And evermore from the high barbican,
Saluted each returning caravan.

Lost is that city's glory. Every gust
Lifts, with crisp leaves, the unknown pasha's dust,

And all is ruin, save one wrinkled gate
Whereon is written, "Only God is great."

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

ROSA BONHEUR'S STUDIO

A visitor describes the studio of this world-renowned artist. At the southern end of a retired street, half made up of extensive gardens, the tops of trees alone visible above the high stone walls, — just where it widens into an irregular little square, surrounded by sleepy-looking, old-fashioned houses, and looked down upon by the shining gray roofs and belfry of an ancient Carmelite convent, — is a green garden door, surmounted by the number "32." A ring will be answered by the barkings of one or two dogs; and when the door is opened by the serving man, the visitor finds himself in a garden full of embowering trees.

The house, a long, cozy, irregular building, standing at right angles with the street, is covered with vines, honeysuckles, and clematis. A part of the garden is laid out in flower-beds; but the larger portion — fenced off with a green paling, graveled, and containing several sheds — is given up to the animals kept by the artist as her models. There may be seen a horse, a donkey, four or five goats, sheep of different breeds, ducks, cochinchinas, and other denizens of the barnyard, all living together in perfect amity and good will.

On fine days the artist may be found seated on a rustic chair inside the paling, busily sketching one of

these animals, a wide-awake or sunbonnet on her head. If the visitor comes on a Friday afternoon, the time set apart for Rosa's reception, he is ushered through glass doors into a hall, where the walls are covered with paintings, orange trees and oleanders standing in green tubs in the corners, and the floor (since the artist crossed the Channel!) covered with English oilcloth. From this hall a few stairs, covered with thick gray drugget, lead to the atelier, on Fridays turned into the reception room.

The beautiful studio, one of the largest and most finely proportioned in Paris, with its greenish-gray walls, and plain green curtains to lofty windows that never let in daylight — the room being lighted entirely from the ceiling — has all its woodwork of dark oak, as are the bookcases, tables, chairs, and other articles of furniture — richly carved, but otherwise of severe simplicity — distributed about the room. The walls are covered with paintings, sketches, casts, old armor, fishing-nets, rude baskets, and pouches, poles, gnarled and twisted vinebranches, picturesque hats, cloaks, and sandals, collected by the artist in her wanderings among the peasants of various regions; nondescript draperies, bones and skins of animals, antlers and horns.

The fine old bookcase contains as many casts, skeletons, and curiosities as books, and is surrounded with as many busts, groups in plaster, and other

artistic booty, as its top can accommodate; and the great Gothic-looking stove at the upper end of the room is covered in the same way with little casts and bronzes. Paintings of all sizes and in every stage of progress, are seen on easels at the lower end of the room, the artist always working at several at a time.

Stands of portfolios and stacks of canvas line the sides of the studio; birds are chirping in cages, and a magnificent parrot eyes you suspiciously from the top of a lofty perch. Scattered over a floor as bright as waxing can make it are skins of tigers, oxen, leopards, and foxes — the only species of floor covering admitted by the artist into her work-room. "They give me ideas," she says of these favorite appurtenances; "whereas the most costly and luxurious carpet is suggestive of nothing."

But the suggestion of picturesque associations is not the only service rendered by these spoils of the animal kingdom. One sultry Friday afternoon, one of her admirers, going earlier than her usual reception hour, found her lying fast asleep under the long table at the upper end of the studio, on her favorite skin, that of a magnificent ox, with stuffed head and spreading horns; her head resting lovingly on that of the animal. She had come in very tired from her weekly review of the classes at the School of Design, and had thrown herself down on the skin, under the shade of the table,

to rest a few moments. There was so much natural grace and simplicity in her attitude, such innocence and peacefulness in her whole aspect, and so much of the startled child in her expression, as, aroused by the opening and shutting of the door, she awoke and started to her feet, that the picture seemed as beautiful as any created by the pencil.

Here Rosa Bonheur received her guests with the frankness, kindness, and unaffected simplicity for which she is so eminently distinguished. In person she is small, and rather under the middle height, with a finely formed head, and broad rather than high forehead; small, well-defined, regular features, and good teeth; hazel eyes, very clear and bright; dark brown hair, slightly wavy, parted on one side and cut short in the neck, a compact, shapely figure; hands small and delicate, and extremely pretty little feet. She dresses very plainly, the only colors worn by her being black, brown, and gray; and her costume consists of a close-fitting jacket and skirt of simple materials.

On rare occasions when she goes into company — for she accepts very few of the invitations with which she is assailed — she appears in the same simple costume, of richer materials, with the addition merely of a lace collar. She wears none of the usual articles of feminine adornment; they are not in accordance with her thoughts and occupations. At work she wears a

Painting by Rosa Bonheur

THE HORSE FAIR

round pinafore or blouse of gray linen that envelops her from the neck to the feet. She impresses one at first sight with the idea of a clear, honest, vigorous, independent nature; abrupt, yet kindly; original, self-centered, and decided, without the least pretension or conceit. But it is only when you have seen her conversing earnestly and heartily, her enthusiasm roused by some topic connected with her art, or with the great humanitary questions of the day; when you have watched her kindling eyes, her smile at once so sweet, so beaming, and so keen, her features irradiated, as it were, with an inner light, that you perceive how very beautiful she really is.

To know how upright and how truthful she is, how single-minded in her devotion to her art, how simple and unassuming, fully conscious of the dignity of her artistic power, but respecting it rather as a talent committed to her keeping than as a quality personal to herself, you must have been admitted to something more than the ordinary courtesy of a reception day. While, if you would know how noble and how self-sacrificing she has been, not only to every member of her own family, but to others possessing no claim on her kindness, you must learn it from those who have shared her bounty, for you will never know a word of it from herself.

— Mrs. Ellet.

THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY

There's music in my heart all day,
I hear it late and early,
It comes from fields are far away,
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone!

Above the uplands drenched with dew,
The sky hangs soft and pearly,
An emerald world is listening to
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone!

Above the bluest mountain crest
The lark is singing rarely,
It rocks the singer into rest,
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone!

Oh, still through summers and through springs
It calls me late and early.
Come home, come home, come home, it sings,
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone!

—KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER IN EARLY TIMES

France formerly possessed in North America a vast empire, extending from Labrador to the Floridas, and from the shores of the Atlantic to the shores of the most distant lakes of Upper Canada.

Four great rivers, deriving their sources from the same mountains, divided these immense regions: the river St. Lawrence, which is lost to the east in the gulf of that name, the Western River, whose waters flow on to seas unknown, the river Bourbon, which runs from south to north into Hudson's Bay; and the Mississippi, whose waters fall from north to south into the Gulf of Mexico.

The last-named river, in its course of more than a thousand leagues, waters a delicious country, called by the inhabitants of the United States the new Eden, to which the French left the pretty appellation of Louisiana. A thousand other rivers, tributaries of the Mississippi, — the Missouri, the Illinois, the Arkansas, the Wabash, the Tennessee, — enrich it with their mud and fertilize it with their waters. When all these rivers have been swollen by the deluges of winter, uprooted trees, forming large portions of forest torn by tempests, crowd about their sources. In a short time the mud cements the torn trees together, and they become enchained by creepers, which, taking root

in every direction, bind and consolidate the débris. Carried away by the foaming waves, the rafts descend to the Mississippi, which, taking possession of them, hurries them down toward the Gulf of Mexico, throws them upon sand banks, and so increases the number of its mouths. At intervals the swollen river raises its voice while passing over the resistless heaps, and spreads its overflowing waters around the colonnades of the forest, and the pyramids of the Indian tombs: and so the Mississippi is the Nile of these deserts.

But grace is always united to splendor in the scenes of nature; while the midstream bears away toward the sea the dead trunks of pine trees and oaks, the lateral currents on either side convey along the shores floating islands of pistias and nenuphars, whose yellow roses stand out like little pavilions. Green serpents, blue herons, pink flamingoes, and baby crocodiles embark as passengers on these rafts of flowers; and the brilliant colony, unfolding to the wind its golden sails, glides along slumberingly till it arrives at some retired creek in the river.

The two shores of the Mississippi present the most extraordinary picture. On the western border vast savannahs spread away farther than the eye can reach, and their waves of verdure, as they recede, appear to rise gradually into the azure sky, where they fade away. In these limitless meadows herds of three or four thou-

sand wild buffaloes wander at random. Sometimes, cleaving the waters as it swims, a bison, laden with years, comes to repose among the high grass on an island of the Mississippi, its forehead ornamented with two crescents, and its ancient and slimy beard giving it the appearance of a god of the river throwing an eye of satisfaction upon the grandeur of its waters, and the wild abundance of its shores.

Such is the scene upon the western border; but it changes on the opposite side, which forms an admirable contrast with the other shore. Suspended along the course of the waters, grouped upon the rocks and upon the mountains, and dispersed in the valleys, trees of every form, of every color, and of every perfume, throng and grow together, stretching up into the air to heights that weary the eye to follow.

Wild vines intertwine each other at the foot of these trees, escalade their trunks, and creep along to the extremity of their branches, stretching from the maple to the tulip tree, from the tulip tree to the hollyhock, thus forming thousands of grottoes, arches, and porticoes. Often, in their wanderings from tree to tree, these creepers cross the arm of a river, over which they throw a bridge of flowers. Out of the midst of these masses, the magnolia, raising its motionless cone surmounted by large white buds, commands all the forest, where it has no other rival than the palm

tree, which gently waves, close by, its fans of verdure.

A multitude of animals, placed in these retreats by the hand of the Creator, spread about life and enchantment. From the extremities of the avenues may be seen bears, intoxicated with the grape, staggering upon the branches of the elm trees; cariboos bathe in the lake; black squirrels play among the thick foliage; mocking birds, and Virginian pigeons not bigger than sparrows, fly down upon the turf, reddened with strawberries; green parrots with yellow heads, purple woodpeckers, cardinals red as fire, clamber up to the very tops of the cypress trees; humming birds sparkle upon the jessamine of the Floridas; and bird-catching serpents hiss while suspended to the domes of the woods, where they swing about like the creepers themselves.

If all is silence and repose in the savannahs on the other side of the river, all here, on the contrary, is sound and motion; peckings against the trunks of the oaks, frictions of animals walking along as they nibble or crush between their teeth the stones of fruits, the roaring of the waves, plaintive cries, dull bellowings, and mild cooings fill these deserts with a tender yet wild harmony.

— Count Chateaubriand.

MAD RIVER

In the White Mountains

TRAVELER

Why dost thou wildly rush and roar,
Mad River, O mad River?
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er
This rocky shelf forever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?
Why all this fret and flurry?
Dost thou not know that what is best
In this too restless world is rest
From overwork and worry?

THE RIVER

What wouldst thou in these mountains seek,
O stranger from the city?
Is it perhaps some foolish freak
Of thine, to put the words I speak
Into a plaintive ditty?

TRAVELER

Yes; I would learn of thee thy song,
With all its flowing numbers,
And in a voice as fresh and strong

As thine is, sing it all day long,
And hear it in my slumbers.

THE RIVER

A brooklet nameless and unknown
Was I, at first, resembling
A little child, that all alone
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,
For the wide world I panted;
Out of the forest dark and dread
Across the open fields I fled,
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,
My voice exultant blending
With thunder from the passing cloud,
The wind, the forest bent and bowed,
The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,
Imploring and entreating;
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall
I plunged, and the loud waterfall
Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills,
A toilsome life I follow;
Compelled to carry from the hills
These logs to the impatient mills
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms
The rudeness of my labors;
Daily I water with these arms
The cattle of a hundred farms,
And have the birds for neighbors.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,
When, full of rage and trouble,
I burst my banks of sand and clay,
And sweep their wooden bridge away,
Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,
As of thine own creating.
Thou seest the day is past its prime;
I can no longer waste my time;
The mills are tired of waiting.

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

CROSSING THE ST. LAWRENCE

The traveler of to-day who crosses the St. Lawrence between Quebec and Levis, during the winter season, comfortably seated between decks in the powerful screw steamers which occupy only a few minutes in passing from shore to shore, forcing their way through the drifting floes, untroubled by mist or wind-driven snow, can have but a faint idea of what crossing, in the old days, really meant.

The trip was made in heavy canoes, or dugouts, formed of two large trunks solidly joined by a wide and flat keel of polished oak, turned up at both ends, so that the craft could be used as a sledge when needed.

The captain sat astern, on a small platform where he commanded the maneuvering, steering with a special paddle; while, at the bow, sometimes standing right on the *pince* — the slender projection of the prow — another fearless fellow explored the passes and watched the false openings.

In front of the pilot, a certain space was reserved for the passengers who lay on the flat bottom, wrapped up and covered with buffalo robes, and perfectly protected from the cold, but with hardly the power of moving. The rest of the canoe was crossed with thin planks, equally spaced, which not only strengthened the craft, but also served as seats for the men, who pad-

dled in time, encouraging themselves with voice and gesture.

It was a hard calling; and, as the Canadian winters of those times were much more severe than those of ours, it was sometimes a dangerous one.

Every launching of the canoe — that is, every start from the shore — gave a thrill to the sturdiest. Down from the top of the batture — (the icy rampart built along the beach by the rising and falling of the tide, and the constant grinding and breaking of the drifting floes) — down from the top of the batture into the dark and whirling waters, the crew hurriedly jumped on board in a desperate entanglement of hands, legs, and arms. It was a matter of a few seconds only, but every heart stood still until the flying start was accomplished.

Enormous lumps of greenish ice block the way: quick! go for them! There they are! Down with the paddle, shoulder the rope, and, forward again on the frozen surface of the river.

Farther on, great masses are crammed and heaped up one upon the other. The passage seems impracticable. No matter, hoist up the canoe, and forward once more over the obstacle!

A crevice opens before us; it is an abyss perhaps . . . Never mind, drive on at all hazards! The water now freezes and sticks to the sides of the canoe,

impeding our advance; not a moment to lose: roll in! roll in, boys! . . . And we are off again!

Now it is different; everything gives way all around. It is no longer water; it is no longer ice. Paddling is impossible; no point of support to heave upon; prisoners in the melting snow and the dissolving ice! . . . Courage, boys! . . . Away, away, all together! . . . Forward, anyhow! . . .

And the struggle might go on for hours, sometimes even for the whole day.

Oh, yes, it was a hard calling, indeed!

—Louis Fréchette.

From *Christmas in Canada.*

THE BURDEN

Let night shut out the care of day,
  Blot out the sense of wrong,
And in the bath of slumber steep
  The soul, till it grow strong.

Then, waking with the coming light,
  Arise, and go thy way,
Leaving the burden to the night
  That bent thee yesterday.

—Conde Benoist Pallen.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY

'Twas a balmy summer morning,
Warm and early,
Such as only June bestows;
Everywhere the earth adorning,
Dews lay pearly
In the lily bell and rose,
Up from each green-leafy bosk and hollow
Rose the blackbird's pleasant lay;
And the soft cuckoo was sure to follow:
'Twas the dawning of the day!

Through the perfumed air the golden
Bees flew round me;
Bright fish dazzled from the sea,
Till me dreamt some fairy olden
Would spellbound me
In a trance of witcherie.
Steeds pranced round anon with stateliest housings,
Like flushed revelers after wine-carousings:
'Twas the dawning of the day!

Then a strain of song was chanted,
And the lightly
Floating sea-nymphs drew near,
Then again the shore seemed haunted
By hosts brightly

Clad, and wielding shield and spear:
Then came battle shouts — an onward rushing —
Swords and chariots, and a phantom fray.
Then all vanished: the warm skies were blushing
In the dawning of the day!

Cities girt with glorious gardens,
Whose immortal
Habitants in robes of light
Stood, methought, as angel-wardens
Nigh each portal,
Now arose to daze my sight;
Eden spread around, revived and blooming,
When — lo! as I gazed, all passed away:
I saw but black rocks and billows looming
In the dim chill dawn of the day!

— James Clarence Mangan.

SUCCESS

Ah! know what true success is. Young hearts dream,
Dream nobly, and plan loftily, nor deem
That length of years is length of living. See!
A whole life's labor in an hour is done;
Not by world-tests the heavenly crown is won —
To God the man is what he means to be.

— Katherine E. Conway.

LIBERTY OR DEATH

MR. PRESIDENT: It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation?

For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth — to know the worst, and to provide for it. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House.

Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet! suffer not yourself to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourself how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our

land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love?

Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the

St. John's Church, Richmond, Virginia, where Patrick Henry delivered his Famous Oration

implements of war and subjugation, — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this

quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies?

No, sir, she has none; they are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet up those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted?

Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm that is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament.

Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliations. There is no longer any room for hope.

If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir: we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary; but when shall we be strong? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battle alone: there is a just God who presides over the destinies of

Nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the strong alone: it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission or slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir: let it come!

It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry "Peace! peace!" but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle?

What is it that the gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

— Patrick Henry.

Fair silver lines the cloud of sternest duty,
There is a glow on all our week-day deeds.

— Maurice F. Egan.

OBERAMMERGAU

Northeastward along the province of Bavaria, sending out their spurs into the province itself, stretch the Bavarian Alps. Through one of the many passes of the mountains flows a mountain stream, the Ammer. Across the Ammer, perched high upon the mountain, is the village of Oberammergau.

This little town, although so small that it is scarcely ever marked upon a map, has become famous throughout the Christian world.

In the early years of the Church, when many people were unable to read, and before printed books could be purchased, the ingenuity of the Fathers of the Church was taxed to find means by which to interest the people and at the same time instruct them.

Perhaps some of you have acted the parts of persons in history. For the time probably you forgot your real selves and became the heroes whose names you fancied you bore.

This desire to act or represent a scene that interests us is called the dramatic instinct. It belongs to the entire human race.

The Church Fathers were not slow in making use of this instinct. Very early in the history of the Church, scenes from the Bible and from the lives of the saints were represented publicly. Priests, monks, and some-

times townspeople took the parts of the characters required for a certain story or scene.

In the fourth century Gregory of Nazianzus wrote a drama on the Passion of Christ which told the story of the life and death of Christ. But systematic instruction was not begun by this means until some centuries later. From the tenth century, however, through

OBERAMMERGAU

the Middle Ages and later we find what is called the Liturgical Drama. On festival days at the time of the regular service, the event which the day commemorated would be represented by actors. These actors were usually monks or priests. The descent of the Angel Gabriel at the feast of the Annunciation, the procession of the Magi at Epiphany, the birth of Christ at Christmas and the Resurrection at Eastertide are

some of the subjects selected. Sometimes the people of the parish under the direction of the priest prepared the presentation of the play. Later, this was the customary way.

The histories of the saints and their miracles were also taught. Slightly changed, these representations were afterwards known as Miracle Plays, or Mysteries. Frequently, though, monks of a monastery would arrange and produce each year a play to which the people of the countryside would flock. Frequently the plays were given in a grassy meadow, though churches were always open for their production. During the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries they were played in almost every village and hamlet of Europe.

The only representation of this kind now generally known is the Passion of Christ. In a few remote Swiss villages this is occasionally shown, but in Oberammergau every ten years there is a grand representation of the event.

In the sixteenth century Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden brought an army down into Bavaria and did much harm to the German folk who lived in the valleys and on the mountain sides. The war lasted for thirty years, and when it ceased, a great plague broke out in the villages surrounding Oberammergau. Some villages were left with only one or two of their inhabit-

ants alive; others were completely desolated. Oberammergau alone had not been visited. The people were not allowed to go from the village, and no person was permitted to enter.

Caspar Schuehler, when the plague appeared, was working in a neighboring village. This village the scourge visited. He thought longingly of his wife and children in Oberammergau. At last, determined to break the quarantine, he started for home. He escaped the vigilance of the guard and entered the town. But alas! he brought death with him. In a little while the villagers were rapidly carrying away the dead. Now but a few were left, and they were before the altar in prayer. They remembered their sins and gave themselves up to penance. At last like an inspiration they bethought themselves of a vow. In token of their deep repentance, if the plague were stayed, they took a solemn pledge to render every ten years in all humility the Passion of our Lord.

From that hour the plague was stayed, and, true to their vow, once in ten years the simple village folk of Oberammergau have presented in a theater built for the purpose the story that transformed the world.

It takes more than one thousand people in all to perform the play. Of these, two hundred and fifty are children. It is considered the greatest honor among the villagers to be selected to take a part. If fortunate

enough to be chosen, it seems to become the ambition of the villager in daily life to be as noble as the Bible character he represents. The children in their sports practice scenes from the play. The entire life of the village is centered around this great event. Many of the older men and women have represented the same character several times. Sometimes a given part has descended from father to son or from mother to daughter.

For a number of years Joseph Meyer, a carver of crucifixes in the village, took the part of Christ. So deep an impression did the sacredness of the office intrusted to him make upon his feelings that strangers say his spirit and appearance are truly Christ-like.

As actors, the performers receive no special training. Whatever art they display is the result of perfect sympathy with the character taken and the fact that imitation, by tradition and practice, has become almost second nature.

During recent years, whenever the season for presenting the Passion Play returns, the country has been thronged with tourists. But as yet the simplicity of the village folk remains, and they are still self-taught actors.

The last performance of the wonderful Passion took place in 1900. The theater, which had been erected the year before, seated four thousand people without

the boxes. Although the audience was under cover, the stage and the space in front of the stage was left open. The figures of the actors were seen outlined against the green of the hills and the blue of the sky. You can imagine something of the size of the stage when you know that hundreds of people were sometimes moving about upon it at the same time.

On the morning of the great day all the villagers assembled at six for High Mass in the cathedral. The service is a very solemn one. It is no unusual occurrence for every one in the vast congregation to be weeping at its close. At half-past seven a gun is fired, and the audience begins to assemble at the theater. At eight o'clock the performance begins. It is opened with a prologue, or introduction usually given by the person who took the part of Christ at the previous performance.

During the prologue all of the actors stand on either side of the speaker in a vast semicircle. They are all dressed in white. Except the one who renders the prologue, all have mantles of various colors thrown over their white garments. The colors are so arranged as to produce a pleasing harmony. The mantle of the Prologue, as he is called, is pure white.

Some of the most impressive scenes are the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem, the parting at Bethany, the last supper, of which the twelve disciples partook,

the distress and despair of Judas when he realized his dreadful guilt, the condemnation of Christ before Pilate, the crucifixion on the mountain, the resurrection and ascension.

It would be impossible to describe the solemnity and grandeur of these scenes. It is enough to say that every one in the audience watches and listens intently.

Even when the play is over, people and actors alike seem awestruck, as if they had been in the presence of Divinity. Their hearts are filled to overflowing with the story that saved the world. The villagers go to their homes to live it, and the tourists at least to ponder over its beauty and significance.

Mother, whose virgin bosom was uncrost
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman, above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost;
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;
Thy image falls to earth.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE SICILIAN'S TALE

King Robert of Sicily

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Appareled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes*
De sede, et exaltavit humiles";[1]
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"

[1] He has put down the mighty from lofty places, and has lifted up the humble.

And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped toward the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.
At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,

But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a specter from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet ring.
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why comest thou here?"
To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,
"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counselor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left, — he still was unsubdued.

And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jeweled bridle and of golden spur.
And lo! among the menials, in mock state,

Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of foxtails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers,
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the jester, bursting through the crowd
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man who wears my semblance to your eyes
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.

And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,

"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his
head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all appareled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

A TEMPEST AT SEA

After a breeze of some sixty hours from the north and northwest, the wind died away about four o'clock yesterday afternoon. The calm continued until about nine o'clock in the evening. The mercury in the barometer fell, in the meantime, at an extraordinary rate; and the captain predicted that we should encounter a gale from the southeast. I did not hear the prediction, or I should not have gone to bed. The gale came on, however, at about eleven o'clock; not violent at first, but increasing every moment. I slept soundly until after five in the morning, and then awoke with a confused recollection of a good deal of rolling and thumping through the night, which was occasioned by the dashing of the waves against the ship.

There was an unusual trampling and shouting, or rather screaming, on deck, and soon after a crash upon the cabin floor, followed by one of the most unearthly screams I ever heard. The passengers, taking the alarm, sprang from their berths, and without stopping to dress, ran about asking questions without waiting for or receiving any answers. Hurrying on my clothes, I found that the shriek proceeded from the second steward, who had, by a lurch of the ship, been thrown in his sleep from his sofa, some six feet to the cabin floor.

By this time I found such of the passengers as could stand, at the doors of the hurricane house, "holding on," and looking out in the utmost consternation. This, I exclaimed mentally, is what I wanted, but I did not expect it so soon. It was still quite dark. Four of the sails were already in ribbons. The winds whistled through the cordage; the rain dashed furiously and in torrents; the noise and spray were scarcely less than I found them under the great sheet at Niagara. And in the midst of all this, the captain with his speaking trumpet, the officers, and the sailors, screaming to each other in efforts to be heard, and mingling their oaths and curses with the angry voice of the tempest, — this, all this, in the darkness which precedes the dawning of the day, and with the fury of the hurricane, combined to form as much of the *terribly* sublime as I ever wish to witness concentrated in one scene.

The passengers, though silent, were filled with apprehension. What the extent of danger, and how all this would terminate, were questions which arose in my own mind, although unconscious of fear or trepidation. But to such questions there were no answers, for this knowledge resides only with Him who "guides the storm and directs the whirlwind." We had encountered, however, as yet only the commencement of a gale, whose terrors had been heightened by its suddenness, by the darkness, and by the confusion. It con-

tinued to blow furiously for twenty-four hours; so that during the whole day I enjoyed a view which, apart from its dangers, would be worth a voyage across the Atlantic.

The ship was driven madly through the raging waters, and even when it was impossible to walk the decks without imminent risk of being lifted up and carried away by the winds, the poor sailors were kept aloft, tossing and swinging about the yards and in the tops, clinging by their bodies, feet, and arms, with mysterious tenacity, to the spars, while their hands were employed in taking in and securing sail. On deck, the officers and men made themselves safe by ropes; but how the gallant fellows aloft kept from being blown out of the rigging was equally a matter of wonder and admiration.

However, they had taken in what canvas had not been blown away, except the sails by means of which the vessel is kept steady. At nine o'clock the hurricane had acquired its full force. There was now no more work to be done. The ship lay to, and those who had her in charge only remained on deck to be prepared for whatever disaster might occur. The breakfast hour came and passed, unheeded by most of the passengers; though I found my own appetite quite equal to the spare allowance of a fast day.

By this time the sea was rolling up its tremendous

waves; and that I might not lose the grandeur of such a view, I fortified myself against the rain and spray in winter overcoat and cork-soled boots, and, in spite of the fierceness of the gale, planted myself in a position favorable for a survey of all around me, and in safety, so long as the ship's strong works might hold together.

I had often seen paintings of a storm at sea, but here was the original. These imitations are often graphic and faithful, so far as they go. But they are necessarily deficient in accompaniments which painting can not supply, and are therefore feeble and ineffective. You have upon canvas the ship and the sea, but as they come from the artist, so they remain. The universal *motion* of both is thus arrested and made stationary.

There is no subject in which the pencil of the painter acknowledges more its indebtedness to the imagination than in its attempts to delineate the sea storm. But even could the attempt be successful, so far as the eye is concerned, there would still be wanting the rushing of the hurricane, the groaning of the masts and yards, the quick, shrill rattling of the cordage, and the ponderous dashing of the uplifted deep. All these were numbered among the advantages of my position, as, firmly planted, I opened eyes and ears, heart and soul, to the beautiful frightfulness of the tempest around and the ocean above me.

At this time the hurricane was supposed to be at the top of its fury, and it seemed to me quite impossible for winds to blow more violently. Our noble ship had been reduced in the scale of proportion by this sudden transformation of the elements, into dimensions apparently insignificant. She had become a mere boat to be lifted up and dashed down by the caprice of wave after wave.

The weather, especially along the surface of the sea, was so thick and hazy that you could not see more than a mile in any direction. But within that horizon the spectacle was one of majesty and power. Within that circumference there were mountains and plains, the alternate rising and sinking of which seemed like the action of some volcanic power beneath. You saw immense masses of uplifted waters emerging from the darkness on one side, and rushing and tumbling across the valleys that remained after the passage of their predecessors, until, like them, they rolled away into similar darkness on the other side. These waves were not numerous, nor rapid in their movements; but in massiveness and elevation they were the legitimate offspring of a true tempest.

It was their elevation that imparted the beautifully pale and transparent green to the billows, from the summit of which the toppling white foam spilled itself over and came falling down towards you with the dash of a cataract. Not less magnificent than the waves

themselves were the varying dimensions of the valleys that remained between them. You would expect to see these ocean plains enjoying, as it were, a moment of repose, but during the hurricane's frenzy this was not the case. The waters had lost for a moment the onward motion of the billows, but they were far from being at rest. They preserved the green hues and foamy scarfs of the mighty insurgents that had passed over them.

The angry aspect which they presented to the eye that gazed, almost vertically, upon their boiling eddies, wheeling about in swift currents, with surface glowing and hissing as if in contact with heated iron, — all this showed that their depths were not unvisited by the tempest, but that its spirit had descended beneath the billows to heave them up presently in all the rushing, convulsive violence of the general commotion. Both mountain and plain of the infuriated waters were covered with the white foam of the water against which the winds first struck, and which, from high points, was lifted up into spray; but in all other places, was hurled along with the intense rapidity of its motion, until the whole prospect, on the lee side of the ship, seemed one field of drifting snow, dashed along furiously to its dark borders by the howling storm.

In the meantime our ship gathered herself up into the compactness and buoyancy of a duck, and — except the feathers that had been plucked from her

wings before she had time to fold her pinions — she rode out the storm without damage, and in triumph. It was not the least remarkable, and by far the most comfortable circumstance in this combination of all that is grand and terrible, that, furious as were the winds, towering and threatening as were the billows, our glorious bark preserved her equilibrium against the fury of the one, and her buoyancy in despite of the alternate precipice and avalanche of the other.

True it is, she was made to whistle through her cordage, to creak and moan through all her timbers, even to her masts. True it is, she was made to plunge and rear, to tremble and reel and stagger; still she continued to scale the watery mountain, and ride on its very summit, until, as it rolled onward from beneath her, she descended gently on her pathway, ready to triumph again and again over each succeeding wave. At such a moment it was a matter of profound deliberation which most to admire — the majesty of God exhibited in the winds and waves, or his goodness and wisdom in enabling his creatures to contend with and overcome the elements even in the fierceness of their anger!

To cast one's eyes abroad in the scene that surrounds me, and to think man should have said to himself, "I will build myself an ark in the midst of you, and ye shall not prevent my passage — nay, ye indomitable waves shall bear me up; and ye winds

shall waft me onward"! And yet there we were in the fullness of this fearful experiment!

I had never believed it possible for a vessel to encounter such a hurricane without being dashed or torn to pieces, at least in all her masts and rigging; for I am persuaded that had the same tempest passed as furiously over a town, during the same length of time, it would have left scarcely a house standing. The yielding character of the element in which the vessel is launched is the great secret of safety on such occasions. Hence, when gales occur on the wide ocean there is but little danger; but when they drive you upon breakers on a lee shore, then it is impossible to escape shipwreck.

—Archbishop John Hughes.

THE BIRD LET LOOSE

The bird let loose in Eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadows dim her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud — no lure to stay
My soul as home she springs; —
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!

—Thomas Moore.

WONDERFUL INVENTIONS

I will first tell of the wonderful works of art and nature, that I may afterwards assign the causes and manner of them, in which there is nothing magical, that it may be seen that all magic power is inferior to these works, and worthless. And first for the quality and reason of art alone.

For instruments of navigation can be made without men as rowers, so that the largest ships, river and ocean, may be borne on, with the guidance of one man, with greater speed than if full of men.

Also carriages can be made so that without an animal they may be moved with incalculable speed; as we may assume the scythed chariots to have been with which battles were fought in ancient times.

Also instruments for flying can be made, so that a man may sit in the middle of the instrument, revolving some contrivance by which wings artificially constructed may beat the air, in the manner of a bird flying.

Also an instrument small in size for the elevation and depression of weights almost infinitely, than which nothing more useful could chance; for by an instrument three fingers high, and the same breadth, and a less volume, a man can snatch himself and his friends from all danger of prison, both to elevate and descend.

An instrument can also be easily made by which one man can forcibly draw a thousand to him, despite their will; and so of drawing other things. Instruments can also be made for walking in the sea or rivers, down to the bottom, without bodily peril. For Alexander the Great used these that he might view the secrets of the ocean, according to what Ethicus the astronomer narrates.

These things were done in ancient times, and are done in our own, as is certain, unless it may be the instrument for flying, which I have not seen, nor do I know any man who has seen; but I know that the wise man who planned this device completed it. And such things can be made almost infinitely, as bridges across rivers without pillars or any other support, and machines, and unheard-of devices.

—Roger Bacon (A.D. 1250).

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,—
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

—Leigh Hunt.

Of a truth, men are mystically united: a mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one.

—Carlyle.

THE ALHAMBRA

The veritable entrance to the Alhambra is now buried within some later buildings added to the original. But it never, though Irving naturally supposed the contrary, had a grand portal in the middle. Gorgeous and showy means of ingress would not have suited the Oriental mind. The exterior of the palace and all the towers is dull, blank, uncommunicative. Their coating of muddy or ferruginous cement, marked here and there by slim upright oblongs of black window spaces, was not meant to reveal the luxury of loveliness concealed within. The Moslem idea was to secrete the abodes of earthly bliss, nor even to hint at them by outward signs of ostentation.

So the pretty modern door cut for convenience is not wholly out of keeping. It ushers one with a sudden surprise into the presence of those marvels which have been for years a distant enticing vision. You

find yourself, in fact, wandering into the Alhambra courts as if by accident. The first one — the Court of Pond, or of the Myrtles — arrays before us beauty enough and to spare. But it is only the beginning. A long tank occupies the center, brimmed with water from a rill that gurgles, by day and night forever, with a low, half-laughing sob. Around it level plates of white marble are riveted to the ground, and two hedges of clipped myrtle border the placid surface.

At the nearest end a double gallery closes the court, imposed on seven arches, upheld by columns of amazing slenderness; and in the spandrels are translucent arabesques inlaced with fillets, radiating leaf points, and loose knots. Above these blink some square windows, shut as with frozen gauze by minute stone lattice work, over fifteen hundred twisted or cubed pieces being combined in each. From there the women of the harem used to witness pageantries and ceremonies that took place in the court; and over the veiled windows is a roofed balcony repeating the lower arches, which would serve for spectators not under ban of invisibility.

Various low doors lead from this Court of the Pond, giving sealed intimation of what may lie beyond, but disclosing little. One turns naturally, however, to the Hall of Ambassadors at the other end, in the mighty Tower of Comares. The transverse arcade

at the entrance is roofed with shining tiles of blue and white that also carry their stripes over the little cupola, to which many similar ones doubtless formerly surrounded the court, and in the cloister underneath the inmates reclined on divans glinting with rippled gold thread and embroidered with colored silks.

Then comes the anteroom, the Chamber of Benediction (usually called of the Boat, on account of its long, scooped ceiling), which is like the hollow of a capsized boat suspended over us, and darkened with deep lapis lazuli. There are some low doors in the wall, meant for the humble approach of slaves when serving their masters, or leading to lost inner corridors and stairways now fallen into dust. But the large central arch conducts at once into the Hall of the Ambassadors, after we have passed some niches in which of old were set encarmined water jars of sweet-scented clay. Beside these may have stood the carven racks for weapons of jeweled hilt and tempered blade.

In the Chamber of Benediction begin those multitudinous arabesques by which the Alhambra is most widely known. In the hall beyond they flow out with unimpeded grace and variety over the walls of an immensely high and nobly spacious apartment, pierced on three sides at the floor level with arched windows halved by a thin, flower-headed column, in

the embrasures of which, enchased with cement, are moldings that overrun the groundwork in bands, curves, diamonds, scrolls, delicate as the ribs of leaves or as vine tendrils. Within these soft convolved lines, arranged to make the most florid detail tributary to the general effect, Arabic characters twisted into the design contain outbursts of poetry celebrating the edifice, the room itself.

The windows look forth upon the sheer northern fall of the hill. They look upon Old Granada dozing below in the unmitigated sunlight; with here and there the sculptured columns of a *patio* visible among the houses on the opposite slope; and farther away the doors of gypsy habitations cut into the solid mountains above the Darro.

One of the most beautiful of glimpses about the Alhambra is that through the east window, looking along the parapet gallery to the Toilet Tower. Precipitous masonry plunges down among trees that shoot incredibly high; and on the Mountain of the Sun the lint-white buildings of an old retreat of Moorish sovereigns and nobles are lodged among cypresses and orange thickets. Within the hall itself all is cool, subdued, and breezy, and the smooth vault of the larchwood ceiling spans the area high overhead like a solemn twilight sky at night.

—George Parsons Lathrop.

THE TOYS

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,
His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I with a moan,
Kissing away his tears left others of my own:
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,

And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood,
Thy great commanded good,
Then fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou last molded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

—Coventry Patmore.

HIDDEN SWEETS

The honeybee that wanders all day long
The field, the woodland, and the garden o'er,
To gather in his fragrant winter store,
Humming in calm content his quiet song,
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips,
But from all rank and noxious weeds he sips
The single drop of sweetness closely pressed
Within the poison chalice. Thus if we
Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet
In all the varied human flowers we meet,
In the wide garden of humanity,
And, like the bee, if home the spoil we bear,
Hived in our hearts it turns to nectar there.

—Anne Charlotte Lynch Botta.

A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS

The plague of locusts, one of the most awful visitations to which the countries included in the Roman Empire were exposed, extended from the Atlantic to Ethiopia, from Arabia to India, and from the Nile and Red Sea to Greece and the north of Asia Minor. Instances are recorded in history of clouds of the devastating insect crossing the Black Sea to Poland, and the Mediterranean to Lombardy. It is as numerous in its species as it is wide in its range of territory. Brood follows brood, with a sort of family likeness, yet with distinct attributes.

It wakens into existence and activity as early as the month of March; but instances are not wanting, as in our present history, of its appearance as late as June. Even one flight comprises myriads upon myriads passing imagination, to which the drops of rain or the sands of the sea are the only fit comparison; and hence it is almost a proverbial mode of expression in the East (as may be illustrated by the sacred pages to which we just now referred), by way of describing a vast invading army, to liken it to the locusts. So dense are they, when upon the wing, that it is no exaggeration to say that they hide the sun. And so ubiquitous are they when they have alighted on the earth, that they simply cover or clothe its surface.

This last characteristic is stated in the sacred account of the plagues of Egypt, where their faculty of devastation is also mentioned. The corrupting fly and the bruising and prostrating hail had preceded them in that series of visitations, but *they* came to do the work of ruin more thoroughly. For not only the crops and fruits, but the foliage of the forest itself, nay, the small twigs and the bark of the trees are the victims of their curious and energetic rapacity. They have been known even to gnaw the doorposts of the houses. Nor do they execute their task in so slovenly a way that they may have successors. They take pains to spoil what they leave.

Like the Harpies, they smear everything that they touch with a miserable slime, which has the effect of a virus in corroding, or, as some say, in scorching and burning it. And then, as if all this were little, when they can do nothing else, they die — as if out of sheer malevolence to man, for the poisonous elements of their nature are then let loose, and dispersed abroad, and create a pestilence; and they manage to destroy many more by their death than in their life.

Such are the locusts, — whose existence the ancient heretics brought forward as their palmary proof that there was an evil creator, and of whom an Arabian writer shows his national horror, when he says that

they have the head of a horse, the eyes of an elephant, the neck of a bull, the horns of a stag, the breast of a lion, the belly of a scorpion, the wings of an eagle, the legs of a camel, the feet of an ostrich, and the tail of a serpent.

The swarm to which Juba pointed grew and grew till it became a compact body, as much as a furlong square; yet it was but the vanguard of a series of similar hosts, formed one after another out of the hot mold or sand, rising into the air like clouds, enlarging into a dusky canopy, and then discharged against the fruitful plain. At length the huge innumerous mass was put into motion, and began its career, darkening the face of day. As became an instrument of divine power, it seemed to have no volition of its own; it was set off, it drifted, with the wind, and thus made northwards, straight for Sicca.

Thus they advanced, host after host, for a time wafted on the air, and gradually declining to the earth, while fresh broods were carried over the first, and neared the earth after a longer flight, in their turn. For twelve miles, did they extend from front to rear, and their whizzing and hissing could be heard for six miles on every side of them. The bright sun, though hidden by them, illumined their bodies, and was reflected from their quivering wings; and as they heavily fell earthward, they seemed like the innumerable flakes

of a yellow-colored snow. And like snow did they descend, a living carpet, or rather pall, upon field crops, gardens, copses, groves, orchards, vineyards, olive woods, orangeries, palm plantations, and the deep forests, sparing nothing within their reach, and where there was nothing to devour, lying helpless in drifts, or crawling forward obstinately, as they best might, with the hope of prey.

They could spare their hundred thousand soldiers twice or thrice over, and not miss them; their masses filled the bottoms of the ravines and hollow ways, impeding the traveler as he rode forward on his journey, and trampled by thousands under his horse's hoofs. In vain was all this overthrow and waste by the roadside; in vain their loss in river, pool, and watercourse. The poor peasants hastily dug pits and trenches as their enemy came on; in vain they filled them from the wells or with lighted stubble. Heavily and thickly did the locusts fall: they were lavish of their lives; they choked the flame and the water, which destroyed them the while, and the vast living hostile armament still moved on.

They moved right on like soldiers in their ranks, stopping at nothing, and straggling for nothing: they carried a broad furrow or wheal all across the country, black and loathsome, while it was as green and smiling on each side of them and in front as it had been before

they came. Before them, in the language of prophets, was a paradise; and behind them a desert. They are daunted by nothing; they surmount walls and hedges, and enter inclosed gardens or inhabited houses.

A rare and experimental vineyard has been planted in a sheltered grove. The high winds of Africa will not commonly allow the light trellis or the slim pole; but here the lofty poplar of Campania has been possible, on which the vine plant mounts so many yards into the air, that the poor grape-gatherers bargain for a funeral pile and a tomb as one of the conditions of their engagement. The locusts have done what the winds and lightning could not do, and the whole promise of the vintage, leaves and all, is gone, and the slender stems are left bare.

There is another yard, less uncommon, but still tended with more than common care; each plant is kept within due bounds by a circular trench round it, and by upright canes on which it is to trail; in an hour the solicitude and long toil of the vine-dresser are lost, and his pride humbled.

There is a smiling farm; another sort of vine, of remarkable character, is found against the farmhouse. This vine springs from one root, and has clothed and matted with its many branches the four walls; the whole of it is covered thick with long clusters, which

another month will ripen; on every grape and leaf there is a locust.

Into the dry caves and pits, carefully strewed with straw, the harvest-men have (safely, as they thought just now) been storing the far-famed African wheat. One grain or root shoots up into ten, twenty, fifty, eighty, nay, three or four hundred stalks: sometimes the stalks have two ears apiece, and these again shoot into a number of lesser ones. These stores are intended for the Roman populace, but the locusts have been beforehand with them.

The small patches of ground belonging to the poor peasants up and down the country, for raising the turnips, garlic, barley, watermelons, on which they live, are the prey of these glutton invaders as much as the choicest vines and olives.

Nor have they any reverence for the villa of the civic decurion or the Roman official. The neatly arranged kitchen garden, with its cherries, plums, peaches, and apricots, is a waste; as the slaves sit around, in the kitchen in the first court, at their coarse evening meal, the room is filled with the invading force, and news comes to them that the enemy has fallen upon the apples and pears in the basement, and is at the same time plundering and sacking the preserves of quince and pomegranate, and reveling in the jars of precious oil in the storerooms.

They come up to the walls of Sicca, and are flung against them into the ditch. Not a moment's hesitation or delay; they recover their footing, they climb up the wood or stucco, they surmount the parapet, or they have entered in at the windows, filling the apartments and the most private and luxurious chambers, not one or two, like stragglers at forage or rioters after a victory, but in order of battle, and with the array of any army.

Choice plants or flowers for ornament or refreshment, myrtles, oranges, pomegranates, the rose and the carnation, have disappeared. They dim the bright marbles of the walls and the gilding of the ceilings. They enter the triclinium in the midst of the banquet; they crawl over the viands and spoil what they do not devour.

Unrelaxed by success and by enjoyment, onward they go; a secret mysterious instinct keeps them together, as if they had a king over them. They move along the floor in so strange an order that they seem to be a tessellated pavement themselves, and to be the artificial embellishment of the place, so true are their lines, and so perfect is the pattern they describe. Onward they go, to the market, to the temple sacrifices, to the bakers' stores, to the cook shops, to the confectioner's, to the druggist's; nothing comes amiss to them; wherever man has aught to eat or drink,

there are they, reckless of death, strong of appetite, certain of conquest.

They have passed on; the men of Sicca sadly congratulate themselves, and begin to look about them, and to sum up their losses. Being the proprietors of the neighboring districts, or the purchasers of its produce, they lament over the devastation, not because the fair country is disfigured, but because income is becoming scanty, and the prices are becoming high. How is a population of many thousands to be fed? Where is the grain, where the melons, the figs, the dates, the gourds, the beans, the grapes, to sustain and solace the multitude in their lanes, caverns, and garrets? This is another weighty consideration for the class well to do in the world.

The taxes, too, and contributions, the capitation tax, the percentage upon corn, the various articles of revenues due to Rome, how are they to be paid? How are cattle to be provided for the sacrifices and for the tables of the wealthy? One half, at least, of the supply of Sicca is cut off. No longer slaves are seen coming into the city from the country in troops with their baskets on their shoulders, or beating forward the horse, or mule, or ox, overladen with its burden, or driving in the dangerous cow or the unresisting sheep. The animation of the place is gone; a gloom hangs over the forum; and if its frequenters are still merry there

is something of sullenness and recklessness in their mirth. The gods have given the city up; something or other has angered them. Locusts, indeed, are no uncommon visitation, but at an earlier season. Perhaps some temple has been polluted, or some unholy rite practiced, or some secret conspiracy has spread.

Another and a still worse calamity: the invaders, as we have already intimated, could be more terrible still in their overthrow than in their ravages. The inhabitants of the country had attempted, where they could, to destroy them by fire and water. It would seem as if the malignant animals had resolved that the sufferers should have the benefit of this policy to the full; for they had not got more than twenty miles beyond Sicca when they suddenly sickened and died. Thus after they had done all the mischief they could by their living, when they had made their foul maws the grave of every living thing, then they died themselves, and made the desolated land their own grave. They took from it its hundred forms and varieties of beautiful life, and left it their own fetid and poisonous carcasses in payment.

It was a sudden catastrophe; they seemed making for the Mediterranean, as if, like other great conquerors, they had other worlds to subdue beyond it; but whether they were overgorged, or struck by some atmospheric change, or that their time was come and

they paid the debt of nature, so it was that suddenly they fell, and their glory came to naught, and all was vanity to them as to others, and "their stench rose up, and their corruption rose up, because they had done proudly."

The hideous swarms lay dead in the moist, steaming underwoods, in the green swamps, in the sheltered valleys, in the ditches and furrows of the field, amid the monuments of their own prowess, the ruined crops and the dishonored vineyards. A poisonous element, issuing from their remains, mingled with the atmosphere, and corrupted it.

The dismayed peasant found that a pestilence had begun — a new visitation, not confined to the territory which the enemy had made its own, but extending far and wide, as the atmosphere extends, in all directions. Their daily toil, no longer claimed by the produce of the earth, which has ceased to exist, is now devoted to the object of ridding themselves of the deadly legacy which they have received in its stead. In vain! it is their last toil; they are digging pits, they are raising piles for their own corpses, as well as for the bodies of their enemies. Invader and victim lie in the same grave, burn in the same heap; they sicken while they work, and the pestilence spreads.

— Cardinal Newman.

SAINT BERNARD'S HYMN

Jesu! The very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast,
But sweeter far Thy face to see
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing nor heart can frame,
Nor memory can find,
A sweeter sound, than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart!
Of joy to all the meek!
To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show.
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.

Jesu! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be!
Jesu! be Thou our glory now
And through eternity.

—Saint Bernard of Clairvaux.

PEACE OF MIND

We might enjoy much peace if we did not busy our minds with what others do and say in which we have no concern. But how is it possible for that man to dwell long in peace who continually intermeddles in the affairs of another? who runs abroad seeking occasions of disquietude, and never or but seldom turns to God in the retirement of a recollected spirit? Blessed are the meek and single-hearted, for they shall possess the abundance of peace!

Whence was it that some of the saints became so perfect in the prayer of contemplation, but because it was their continual study and endeavor to mortify earthly desires, and abstract themselves from worldly concerns, that being free from perturbation, they might adhere to God with all the powers of the soul? But we are too much engaged with our own passions, and too tenderly affected by the business and pleasures of this transitory life, to be capable of such high attainments, nay, so fixed are our spirits in slothfulness and cold indifference that we seldom overcome so much as one evil habit.

If we were perfectly dead to ourselves, and free from all inward entanglement, we might have some relish for divine enjoyments, and begin to experience the blessedness of heavenly contemplation.

The principal, if not the only impediment to such a state is, that we continue in subjection to violent passions and inordinate desires without making effort to enter into the narrow way, which Christ has pointed out as the one way of perfection for all the saints of God. Therefore, when adversity comes upon us, we are soon dejected, and have immediate recourse to human consolations. Did we but endeavor like valiant soldiers to stand our ground in the hour of battle, we should feel the succor of the Lord descending upon us from Heaven; for He is always ready to assist those that resolutely strive, and place their whole confidence in the power of His grace, nay, he creates occasions of contest to bless us with opportunities of victory.

That the path of holiness may become easy and delightful, some violence must be used at first setting out to remove its numerous obstructions. It is hard, indeed, to relinquish that to which we have been accustomed, and harder still to resist our own will. But how can we hope to succeed in the greatest conflict if we will not contend for victory in the least?

Oh! if thou didst but consider what peace thou wilt bring to thyself, and what joy thou wilt produce in Heaven, by a life conformed to the life of Christ, I think thou wouldst be more watchful and zealous for thy continued advancement toward spiritual perfection.

—Thomas à Kempis.

THE CORN SONG

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
  Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
  From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
  The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
  The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
  Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storms shall drift
  Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
  Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
  Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
  Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
  The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest time has come;
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

"But let the good old crops adorn
The hills our fathers trod."

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
  Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
  The wheat field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
  The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us for his golden corn,
  Send up our thanks to God!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE RAINBOW

A stately rainbow came and stood,
  When I was young in High-Hurst Park;
Its bright feet lit the hill and wood
  Beyond, and cloud and sward were dark;
And I, who thought the splendor ours
  Because the place was, t'wards it flew,
And there, amidst the glittering showers,
  Gazed vainly for the glorious view.
With whatsoever's lovely, know
  It is not ours; stand off to see,
Or beauty's apparition so
  Puts on invisibility.

—Coventry Patmore.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

The Victory

Believing himself now the chief commander of the squadron, Elliott hailed the *Caledonia* and ordered Lieutenant Turner to bear up and make way for him. Turner at once, without a word, put up his helm in the most daring manner and made sail for the enemy's line, using his small armament all the while to the best advantage; while Elliott, under a freshening breeze, passed to the windward of the *Caledonia*. The *Lawrence* lay disabled and silent; by all the rules of naval warfare he should have given her protection by sailing between her and the British; but instead of it, he kept to the windward, sheltered by the helpless flagship, to which he sent Magrath in his boat with a few brave men, for twelve-pound round shot, to replenish his own nearly exhausted stock; and then firing, as he went along, on the *Charlotte*, he steered for the head of the British line.

Perry, who saw with the swiftness of intuition the new method that must be chosen now that the first had failed, and who had already resolved to transfer his flag, with the certainty that, in the crippled state of the British, "victory must perch on his banner," immediately entered his boat with his commander's pennant and his little brother, and bade the four sailors whom

he took as oarsmen to row with all speed for the *Niagara*.

The command of the *Lawrence* fell to Yarnall, with full discretionary power to surrender or hold out; but he had an admonition from above in the motto flag which the departing hero left flying at the mast head, and which spoke with trumpet words: "Don't give up the ship!"

The flag had been raised amidst the shouts of the whole squadron, and the promise of the crew of the *Lawrence* to redeem the pledge. Yarnall consulted with Forest and with Taylor; there were no more guns that could be used; and had there been, men were wanting to handle them. Fourteen persons alone were left well and unhurt, and of those, only nine were seamen.

Further resistance was impossible; to hold out might only expose life recklessly. Officers and men watched anxiously the progress of Perry; they saw the sailors force him to sit down; they saw a broadside aimed at him, and fall harmlessly around him; they saw marines from three vessels shower at him musket balls, which only ruffled the water of the lake; and at fifteen minutes before three, they saw the oars dipping for the last time, and their beloved commander climb the side of the *Niagara*.

They had braved the enemy's fire for three hours; could they not confide in help from their commodore

and hold out five minutes more? True, they had no means of offense; but the battle flag with its ringing words floated over their heads; they had a pledge to keep; they had an enemy whose dying courage they should refuse to re-animate; they had their country's flag to preserve unblemished; they had the honor of that day's martyrs to guard; they had a chief to whom they should have spared so unspeakable pain; they had the wounded to consider, who with one voice cried

out: "Rather sink the ship than surrender! Let us all sink together!" And yet a shout of triumph from the enemy proclaimed to both squadrons that the flag of the *Lawrence* had been lowered; nor did they then forebode how soon it was to be raised again.

Meantime, Perry climbed the gangway of the *Niag-*

ara. His quick eye glanced at the ship's rigging, at her hale crew that thronged the deck, and his buoyant nature promised him a harvest of glory as he beheld the *Niagara*, "very little injured," even "perfectly fresh," its crew in the best condition with scarcely more than three men hurt. As he stepped into the boat, he, Perry, ran up his pennant and, hoisting the signal for close action, which was instantly answered from all the squadron with loud cheers, hove to, veered ship, altering her course eight points, set foresail and topsails and top-gallant sail, and bore down to cut the British line, which lay at the distance of a half-mile.

The *Lady Prevost*, disabled by the loss of her rudder, had drifted to the westward and leeward from her place in the line. Barclay, in the *Detroit*, when he saw the prospect of a contest with a second brig, had attempted to veer round, that he might bring his broadside to bear; but in doing it he had fallen upon the *Queen Charlotte*. At this moment, Perry, whom seven, eight, or ten minutes in the freshened breeze had brought up with the British, disregarding their fire, cut their line, placing the *Chippewa* and the *Lady Prevost* on his left, the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte* on his right; and, as he did so, he shortened sail to make sure of his aim, and coolly and with fatal accuracy, at half pistol shot, he raked the *Lady Prevost* with his broadside port, while he poured his full starboard broadside on

the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte,* as they lay entangled and for the moment helplessly exposed. The loud, many-voiced shriek that rose from the *Detroit* told that the tide of battle had turned; but what was worse for the British was that their gallant commander, the skillful and intrepid but ill-fated Barclay, who had lost an arm at Trafalgar, received a desperate wound which was to deprive him of the other. The wound was so severe that he was obliged to be carried below, leaving the direction to an officer of little experience.

Perry now ordered the marines to clear the decks of the *Lady Prevost;* but the survivors, terrified by the raking fire which they had suffered, fled below, leaving on deck no one but their commander, who, having for the moment lost his senses from a severe wound in the head, remained at his post, gazing about with a vacant stare. Perry, merciful even in battle, stopped his guns on that side, but having luffed athwart the bows of the two ships, which had now got clear of one another, he continued to pour into them a close, deadly fire.

The small vessels, having by this time "got within grape and canister distance," threw in close discharges from their side. The commanding officer of the *Queen Charlotte,* finding himself exposed to be raked ahead and astern, was the first to give up; one of her officers

appeared on the taffrail of that ship and waved a white handkerchief, bent to a boarding-pike, in token that she had struck. The *Detroit* had become completely unmanageable; every brace was cut away, the mizzen-topmast and gaff were down, the other masts badly wounded, not a stay left forward, the hull very much shattered, and a number of her guns disabled; at three, or a few minutes after, Lieutenant Inglis was, therefore, under the necessity of hailing the Americans, to say he surrendered. The *Hunter* yielded at the same time, as did the *Lady Prevost*, which lay to leeward under the guns of the *Niagara*. The *Chippewa*, on the right of the British line, and the *Little Belt* on the extreme left, endeavored to escape, but the first was stopped by Champlin, in the *Scorpion;* the other by Holdup Stevens in the *Trippe*.

As the cannon ceased, an awful stillness set in; nothing was heard but the feeble groans of the wounded, or the dash of oars as boats glided from one vessel to another.

Possession having been taken of the conquered fleet, at four o'clock Perry sent an express to Harrison with these words: —

"Dear General, — We have met the enemy, and they are ours; two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop."

—George Bancroft.

SELECTION FROM "CUCHULAIN"

An Epic of Ancient Ireland

Queen Meave was a powerful queen of Connaught. Her husband was Ailill. She sent to Ulster by the herald to ask a favor of Dare, a prince of that country. This favor was finally refused, and Meave, in anger, led her warriors against Ulster. But in Ulster lived the great hero, Cuchulain. Cuchulain demanded that some one of the hosts of Queen Meave meet him in single combat. No one was strong enough to do this except the hero Ferdia. But Ferdia and Cuchulain had been trained together as boys in the arts of war and had sworn friendship. So Ferdia refused at first to fight with Cuchulain. But the queen threatened him with everlasting disgrace in his own country if he did not consent, and he yielded. The story of the struggle of the two heroes is told in the extract which follows.

Evening fell,
And stayed perforce that combat. Slowly drew
The warriors near; and, as they noted, each,
The other bleeding, friendship unextinct
In all its strength returned; round either's neck
The other wound his arms and kissed him thrice.
That night their coursers in the selfsame field

Grazed, side by side; that night their charioteers
With rushes gathered from the selfsame stream
Made smooth their masters' beds, then sat themselves
By the same fire. Cuchulain sent the half
Of every healing herb that lulled his wounds
To stanch Ferdia's; while to him in turn
Ferdia sent whate'er of meats or drinks
Held strengthening power or cordial, to allay
Distempered nerve or nimble spirit infuse,
In equal portions shared.

The second morn
They met at sunrise. "Thine the choice of arms,"
The Firbolg[1] spake. The Gael made answer, "Spears!"
Then leaped the champions on their battle cars
And launched them into battle. Dire their shock,
In fiery orbits wheeling now; anon,
Wheel locked in wheel. Profounder wounds by far
That day than on the first the warriors gored,
Since closer was the fight. With laughing lip
Not less than eye Cuchulain sang the stave
That chides in war "Fomorian obstinacy."
Again at eve drew near they, slower now
For pain, and interwove fraternal arms;
Again their coursers in the selfsame field
Grazed side by side, and from the selfsame stream

[1] *Firbolg*. A name applied to one belonging to the oldest of the Irish races.

Again their charioteers the rushes culled;
Again they shared alike both meats and drinks;
Again those herbs allaying o'er their wounds
With incantations laid.
Forlorn and sad
Peered the third morning o'er the vaporous woods,
The wan gray river with its floating weed
And bubble unirradiate. From the marge
Cuchulain sadly marked the advancing foe;
"Alas, my brother! beamless is thine eye;
The radiance lives no longer on thy hair;
And slow thy step." The doomed one answered calm:
"Cuchulain, slow of foot but strong of hand
Fate drags his victim to the spot decreed.
The choice to-day is mine; I choose the sword."
So spake the Firbolg; and they closed in fight;
And straightway from his heart to arm and hand
Rushed up the strength of all that buried race
By him so loved! Once more it swelled his breast,
Reclothed in majesty each massive limb,
And flashed in darksome light of hair and eye,
Resplendent as of old. Surpassing deeds
They wrought, while circled meteor-like their swords,
Or fell like heaven's own bolt on shield or helm.
Long hours they strove, till morning's purer gleam
Vanished in noon. Sharper that day their speech;
For, in the intenser present, years gone by

Hung but like pallid, thin horizon clouds
O'er memory's loneliest limit. Evening sank
Upon the dripping groves and shuddering flood,
With rainy wailings. Not as heretofore
Their parting. Haughtily their mail they tossed,
Each to his followers. In the selfsame field
That night their coursers grazed not; neither sat
Their charioteers beside the selfsame fire;
Nor sent they, each to other, healing herbs.

* * * * * * *

Well they knew,
Both warriors, that the fortunes of that day
Must end the conflict; that for one, or both,
The sun that hour ascending shone his last.
Therefore all strength of onset till that hour
By either loosed or hoarded, draft of fight
Reined in one moment but to spring the next
Forward in might more terrible, compared
With that last battle, was a trivial thing;
Whilst every weapon, javelin, spear, or sword,
Lawful alike that day, scattered abroad
Huge flakes of dinted mail; from every wound
Bounded the lifeblood of a heart athirst
For victory or for death. The vernal day
Panted with summer ardors, while aloft
Noontide, a fire-tressed Fury, waved her torch,
Kindling the lit grove and its youngling green

From the azure-blazing zenith. Waxed the heat: —
So waxed the warriors' frenzy. Hours went by.
That day they sought not rest on rock or mound,
Held no discourse. Slowly the sun declined;
And as wayfarers tired, when twilight falls,
Advance with strength renewed, so they, refreshed,
Surpassed their deeds at morning. With a bound
Cuchulain, from the bank high springing, lit
Full on the broad boss of Ferdia's shield,
His dagger point down turned. With spasm of arm
Instant the Firbolg from its sable rim
Cast him astonished. Upward from the ford
Again Cuchulain reached that shield; again
With spasm of knee Ferdia flung him far.

* * * * * * *

Then from heaven
Came down upon Cuchulain, like the night,
The madness-wrath. The foes confronted, met;
Shivered their spears from point to half; their swords
Flashed lightning round them. Fate-compelled, their feet
Drew near, then reached that stream which backward fled,
Leaving its channel dry. While raged that fight,
Cuchulain's stature rose, huge, bulky, immense,
Ascending still; as high Ferdia towered
Like Famor old or Nemed from the sea, —

Those shields — their covering late from foot to helm —
Shrinking, so seemed it, till above them beamed
Shoulders and heads. So close that fight, their crests,
That waved defiance, mingled in mid-air;
While all along the circles of their shields
And all adown their swords, ran, mad with rage,
Viewless for speed, the demons of dark moors
And war sprites of the valleys, Bocanachs,
And Banacahs, whose screams, so keen its edge,
Might shear the centuried forest as the scythe
Shears meadow grass. To these in dread response
Thundered far off, from sea caves billow beat
And halls rock-vaulted 'neath the eternal hills,
That race Tuatha, giant once, long since
To pygmy changed, that forge from molten ores
For aye their clanging weapons, shield or spear,
On stony anvils, waiting the day decreed
Of vengeance on the Gael. That tumult scared
The horses of the host of Meave, that brake
From war car or the tethering rope, and spread
Ruin around. Camp followers first, then chiefs
Innumerable, were dragged along, or lay
'Neath broken axle, dead. The end was nigh.
Cuchulain's shield, splintered upon his arm,
Served him no more; and through his fenceless side
Ferdia drave the sword. Then first the Gael

Hurled forth this taunt: "The Firbolg, bribed by
Meave,
Has sold his ancient friend!" Ferdia next,
"No Firbolg he, that man in Scatha's Isle,
Who won a maid, then left her!" Backward stepped
Cuchulain paces three; he reached the bank;
He uttered low, "The Gae-Bulg!" Instant, Leagh
Within his hand had lodged it. Bending low,
Low as that stream — the war game's crowning feat —
He launched it on Ferdia's breast. The shield,
The iron plate beneath, the stone within it,
Like shallow ice films 'neath a courser's hoof,
Burst, all was o'er. To earth the warrior sank;
Dying, he spake: "Not thine this deed, O friend;
'Twas Meave who winged that bolt into my heart!"
Then ran Cuchulain to that great one dead,
And raised him in his arms, and laid him down
Beside the Ford, but on its northern bank,
Not in that realm by Ailill swayed and Meave.
Long time he looked the dead man in the face;
Then by him fell in swoon. "Cuchulain, rise!
The men of Erin be upon thee! Rise!"
Thus Leagh. He answered, waking, "Let them
come!
To me what profit if I live or die?
The man I loved is dead."

— Aubrey de Vere.

VANQUISHERS OF THE MIGHTY

For a long time the last of the captains had held destiny in his grasp; the Alps and Pyrenees had trembled under him; Europe was listening in silence to the thunder of his thought; when, tired of the sphere in which glory had spent itself to please him, he threw himself on to the confines of Asia. There his eye became troubled, and his eagles turned back for the first time.

What had he met with? A general superior to himself? No! A yet unvanquished army? No. Was age laying its icy hand on his genius? No. What had he then met with? He had met with the protector of the weak, the refuge of the oppressed, the defender of human liberty; he had met with space, and all his power had crumbled beneath his feet.

If God has created such barriers in the very bosom of nature, it is because He has had compassion on us. He knew all that forced unity involved of disaster for the human race, and He prepared for us, in the mountains and the deserts, inaccessible retreats. He hollowed out the rock of St. Anthony and St. Paul the first hermit, He made nests to which the eagle would not come to tear away the little ones of the dove. O inaccessible mountains, eternal snows, burning sands, noxious marshes, destructive climates, we thank you for the past, and we trust you for the future!

Yes, you will keep us free; you will ever protect us against the mighty of this world; you will not allow chemistry to prevail against nature, and to convert the globe, so well studded by the hand of God, into a horrible and narrow dungeon, where fire and sword will be the first minions of a merciless autocracy.

—Father Lacordaire.

MOTHER OF THE SACRED HEART

Thy sacred heart, dear Mother, was the shrine
That held the precious jewel — the Christ-Child;
No soul of mortal was found undefiled,
No other human breast was pure as thine,
A casket meet to hold the Gem Divine
Brought by the angels to the Virgin mild,
An Offering of Peace that reconciled
God and the sinner — sign of love benign.

Mary, Mother of Jesus, look thou down
On thy dear children, from heaven above,
With pitying eyes of tenderest love;
Our tears of repentance will gem thy crown;
Thy love and compassion will soothe pain's smart;
Pray for us, Mother of the Sacred Heart.

— Henry Coyle.

FROM "THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS"

I went to sleep; and now I am refresh'd,
A strange refreshment: for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream; yes: — some one softly said
"He's gone"; and then a sigh went round the room.
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry "Subvenite"; and they knelt in prayer.
I seem to hear him still; but thin and low,
And fainter and more faint the accents come,
As at an ever-widening interval.
Ah! whence is this? What is this severance?
This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain.
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
By a strange introversion, and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have nought else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,
But in the body still; for I possess
A sort of confidence, which clings to me,
That each particular organ holds its place.
As heretofore, combining with the rest
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,
And makes me man; and surely I could move,
Did I but will it, every part of me.
And yet I can not to my sense bring home,
By very trial, that I have the power.
'Tis strange; I can not stir a hand or foot,
I can not make my fingers or my lips
By mutual pressure witness each to each,
Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke
Assure myself I have a body still.
Nor do I know my very attitude,
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning on an onward course,
And we e'en now are million miles apart.
Yet . . . is this peremptory severance
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,
Which grow and multiply by speed and time? . . .

Another marvel: some one has me fast
Within his ample palm; 'tis not a grasp
Such as they use on earth, but all around
Over the surface of my subtle being,
As though I were a sphere, and capable
To be accosted thus, a uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.
And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth
I can not of that music rightly say
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.
Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!

—Cardinal Newman.

NOVEMBER

The somber sky hath curtained off the light,
The twilight of the year is drawing nigh,
Through changing months the earth hath shown her might,
But now to rest she shuts her weary eye.
The fallen leaves upon her softly lie,
Like coverlid to keep off winter's snow,
And as a mother sings a lullaby
To tired child, in softened tones and slow,
So croons the wailing wind unto the earth below.

—Ida Rhodus.

FATHER DAMIEN

"There is Father Damien!" said our purser; and, slowly moving along the hillside, I saw a dark figure with a large straw hat. He came rather painfully down, and sat quite near the water-side and we exchanged friendly signals across the waves while my baggage was being carried out of the hold — a long business, for, owing to the violence of the sea, nothing else was to be put on shore.

FATHER DAMIEN

He is at this time forty-nine years old — a thick-set, strongly built man, with black curly hair and short beard, turning gray. His countenance must have been handsome, with a full, well-

curved mouth and a short, straight nose; but he is now a good deal disfigured by leprosy, though not so badly as to make it anything but a pleasure to look at his bright, sensible face.

I did not feel disposed to have my bag carried by a leper, so the walk to Kalawao was a tiring one, up and down hill, through a broad stream, and then along a beach of bowlders shaded by great precipices.

The cliffs of Molokai are in many places almost perpendicular, and rise to a great height from the water's edge. They are generally in shadow, but the sun almost always casts long rays of light through their sundered tops, and I shall ever remember these rays as a distinguishing mark of the leper towns. The sea foam, too, rises up from their bases in a great swirling mist, and makes an enchanting effect in the mornings. Where the slopes are not precipitous the tropical vegetation grows very rank, and not beautiful, I think, to eyes that have learned to love the birch, the gorse, and the heather.

The coarse wild ginger with its handsome spikes of flowers grows everywhere, and the yellow hibiscus (ugliest of trees), and quantities of the Ki-tree, from the root of which is made the intoxicating spirit which has done such a disastrous work among the natives. The ferns are magnificent. Of birds, the most noticeable that I saw were an exquisite little honeybird,

with a curved beak and plumage like scarlet velvet; a big yellow owl, which flies about by daylight; a golden plover, which is very plentiful and very nice to eat; and a beautiful long-tailed, snow-white creature called the bos'un bird, which wheels about the cliff heights. Besides these there are plenty of imported mynahs and sparrows. The curious little apteryx is almost extinct.

As we ascended the hill on which the village is built Father Damien showed me on our left the chicken farm. The lepers are justly proud of it, and before many days I had a fine fowl sent me for dinner, which, after a little natural timidity, I ate with thankfulness.

On arriving at Kalawao we speedily found ourselves inside the half-finished church which is the darling of his heart. How he enjoyed planning the places where the pictures which I had just brought him should be placed!

One day he told me about his early history. He was born on the 3d of January, 1841, near Louvain in Belgium, where his brother, a priest, still lives. His mother, a deeply religious woman, died about two years ago, and his father twelve years sooner. On his nineteenth birthday his father took him to see his brother, who was then preparing for the priesthood, and he left him there to dine, while he himself went on to the neighboring town.

Young Joseph (this was his baptismal name) decided that here was the opportunity for taking the step which he had long been desiring to take, and when his father came back he told him that he wished to return home no more, and that it would be better thus to miss the pain of farewells. His father consented unwillingly, but, as he was obliged to hurry to the conveyance which was to take him home, there was no time for demur, and they parted at the station. Afterwards, when all was settled, Joseph revisited his home, and received his mother's approval and blessing.

His brother was bent on going to the South Seas for mission work, and all was arranged accordingly; but at the last he was laid low with fever, and to his bitter disappointment, forbidden to go. The impetuous Joseph asked him if it would be a consolation for his brother to go instead, and, receiving an affirmative answer, he wrote surreptitiously, offering himself, and begging that he might be sent, though his education was not yet finished. The students were not allowed to send out letters till they had been submitted to the Superior, but Joseph ventured to disobey.

One day, as he sat at his studies, the Superior came in, and said, with a tender reproach, "Oh, you impatient boy! you have written this letter, and you are to go."

Joseph jumped up, and ran out, and leaped about like a young colt.

"Is he crazy?" said the other students.

He worked for some years on other islands in the Pacific, but it happened that he was one day in 1873 present at the dedication of a chapel in the Island of Maui, when the bishop was lamenting that it was impossible for him to send a missioner to the lepers at Molokai, and still less to provide them with a pastor. He had only been able to send them occasional and temporary help. Some young priests had just arrived in Hawaii for Mission work, and Father Damien instantly spoke.

"Monseigneur," said he, "here are your new missioners; one of them could take my district, and, if you will be kind enough to allow it, I will go to Molokai and labor for the poor lepers whose wretched state of bodily and spiritual misfortune has often made my heart bleed within me."

His offer was accepted, and that very day, without any farewells, he embarked on a boat that was taking some cattle to the leper settlement.

When he first put his foot on the island he said to himself, "Now, Joseph, my boy, this is your life work."

"Kindness to all, charity to the needy, a sympathizing hand to the sufferers and the dying, in conjunction with a solid religious instruction to my listeners, have been my constant means to introduce moral habits among the lepers. I am happy to say that,

assisted by the local administration, my labors here, which seemed to be almost in vain at the beginning, have, thanks to a kind Providence, been greatly crowned with success."

"Whenever I preach to my people," he said, "I do not say 'my brethren,' as you do, but 'we lepers.' People pity me and think me unfortunate, but I think myself the happiest of missionaries."

Henceforth he came under the law of segregation, and journeys to the other parts of the islands were forbidden. But he worked on with the same sturdy, cheerful fortitude, accepting the will of God with gladness, undaunted by the continual reminders of his coming fate, which met him in the poor creatures around him.

"I would not be cured," he said to me, "if the price of my cure was that I must leave the island and give up my work."

It has been generally said in England that he is a Jesuit, but this is not the case. He belongs to the "Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary."

We must all rejoice that the Roman Catholic Church produces such saints, and not hesitate to accord them the fellowship, the sympathy, and the hearty honest praise which they deserve. To Father Damien we render more than praise. He has our love.

—Edward Clifford.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

I

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain:
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, where every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm:
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:

The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please:
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed:
These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour!
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind; —
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled:
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

II

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher s modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;

Far other aims his heart had learned to prize;
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain:
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control

Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

III

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:

Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher, too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran — that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around.
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot. —
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the signpost caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace

The parlor splendors of that festive place:
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and learn to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their firstborn sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed, —
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

— Oliver Goldsmith.

IN A CONVENT CHAPEL

Me hither from moonlight
A voice ever calls,
Where pale pillars cluster
And organ tones roll —
Nor sunlight nor moonlight
E'er silver these walls;
Lives here other luster,
The Light of the Soul.

Here budded and blossomed,
Here faded and died,

Like brief-blooming roses,
Earth's purest of pure!
Now ever embosomed
In bliss they abide —
Oh, may, when life closes,
My meed be as sure!

— JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

THE MEAD HALL

Not very imposing looks the house. It is one story high. It is built of wood. The use of stones for building purposes is not yet known. So identified is timber with building, that the Old English word for the act of building is *timbrian*. We enter; but we look in vain for any of the comforts of a modern dwelling house.

Tapestry hangs upon the walls. That which decorated the hall of Heorot was embroidered in gold: "Gold-varied shone the webs along the walls, many wonder-sights to those that gazed upon them." Painted shields and the implements of war look down upon us.

There are no chairs. The luxury of a seat with a back to it is still unthought of. But we find stools and benches. If we intend staying for the night, those same benches will be our beds, with a pillow, some fresh straw, and perhaps a bear skin.

Bed clothing was scanty in those days, nor was it

much needed; the men were better able to endure excessive cold than excessive heat. The floor is covered with straw. Indeed, in the Old English way of thinking, to strew is to straw. The words are identical. The table is made of plain boards, pieced together in such a manner that they can afterward be removed. It was called a *bord*. At an early day the round table was used. It afterward became the custom that each guest had a small side table; but it was not permitted to eat alone. One of the greatest blots on a man's character would be the fact that he dined in private.

There are no glass windows in this house into which we have been introduced. We perceive only eyeholes. The Old English do not yet know the use of glass. At present, the birds can fly through the hall in winter; not only are the eyeholes open, but the doors as well. The fire burns in the center of the hall; there are no chimneys. Perhaps near by is a large tree whose roots are under the floor and whose branches cover the roof. In a prominent place is the boar's head in honor of Frey.

The host occupies the highest seat, at about the middle of the table. Near him sits his wife. Upon the table are cheese, and bread, and cereals, and broth, and meat, boiled or roasted. The meat is generally salt. Pork is a favorite dish. A servant holds the spit

while each guest cuts from it a piece to suit himself. The use of forks is still unknown.

Near the fire are ranged the vessels containing the beer. The beer horn is first handed to the host across the fire. He drinks first. Then all goes merrily.

Conversation flows freely. Many are lovers of social converse, haughty warriors. In pleasant cities they sit at the feast and recount tales; then wine wets the man's breast passions; suddenly rises clamor in the company, and a various outcry is sent forth. The host makes it a point of honor to quell all disputes.

At intervals the harper plays his harp. He is also a poet. He sings the soothing lay, the song serene. He recounts the tales of old. He tells of battles fought and victories won. And as the wine or beer begins to warm the breasts of the hardy warriors who listen to his lay, they feel the spirit of war rise within them, and in fancy they fight their battles over again.

Then they talk of their deeds of prowess, of their hairbreadth escapes; they laugh over their cruelties; they rejoice in their wounds; for, to their thinking, he who had received no wounds knew not the glory of living. From the life we have traced we can infer the kind of poetry most in harmony with its sentiments. Let us examine the pieces that have escaped the ravages of time.

— Brother Azarias.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

I

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night.
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd and barr'd — forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith

I suffer'd chains and courted death;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling place;
We were seven — who now are one,
  Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
  Proud of persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd;
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II

There are seven pillars of Gothic mold,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
  Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
  And in each pillar there is a ring,
    And in each ring there is a chain;

That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun to rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score,
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet, each alone·
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight;
And thus together — yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but joined in heart,
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.

Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound — not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be:
It might be fancy — but to me
They never sounded like our own.

IV

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do — and did my best —
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved
Because our mother's brow was given
To him — with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distress'd
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day —
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles being free) —
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long night,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,

With tears for naught but others' ills,
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

V

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perish'd in the foremost rank
With joy: — but not in chains to pine:
His spirit wither'd with their clank,
I saw it silently decline —
And so perchance in sooth did mine:
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

VI

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,

Which round about the wave enthralls:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made — and like a living grave
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay.
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rock'd,
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

VII

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captive's tears
Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men

Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
They wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mold
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth? — he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead, —
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died — and they unlock'd his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine — it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer —
They coldly laugh'd — and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood: —
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors — this was woe
Unmix'd with such — but sure and slow:
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender — kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;

With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray —
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright;
And not a word of murmur, — not
A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence — lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listen'd, but I could not hear —
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound —
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him: — I found him not.

* * * * *

XIV

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count — I took no note,

I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where;
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage — and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill — yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell —
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are: — even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

— Lord Byron (abridged).

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —
The desert and illimitable air, —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,

And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone! the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

— William Cullen Bryant.

TRUST IN GOD

God only is the creature's home,
Though long and rough the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

— Father Faber.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

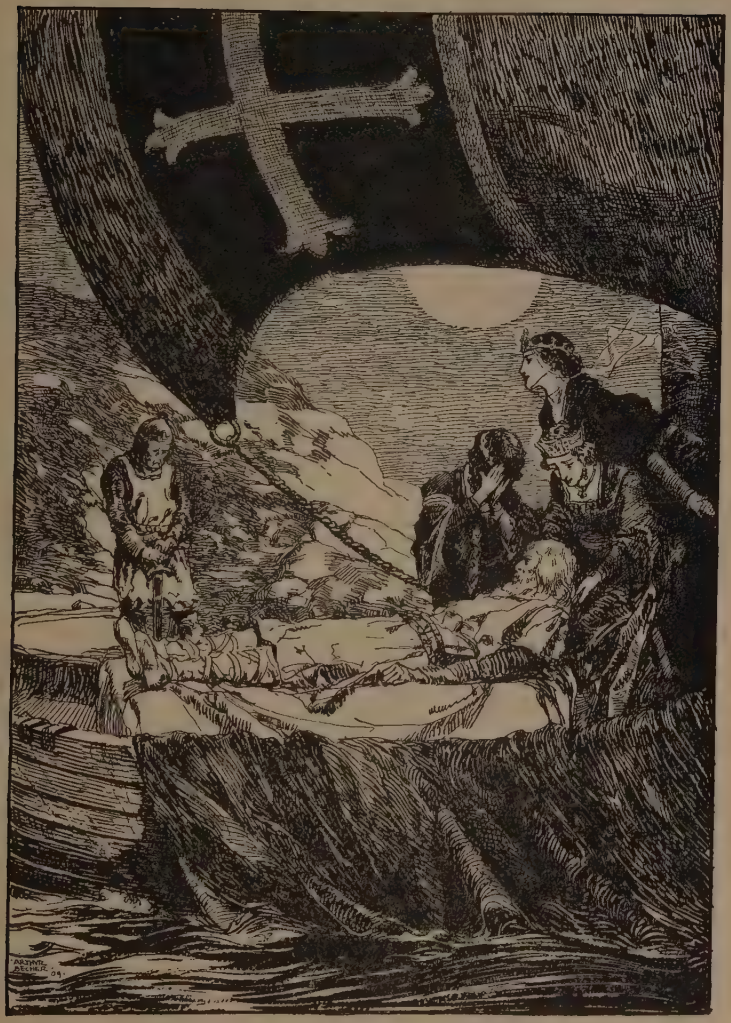
That story which the bold Sir Bedivere,
First made and latest left of all the knights,
Told, when the man was no more than a voice
In the white winter of his age, to those
With whom he dwelt, new faces, other minds.

For on their march to westward, Bedivere,
Who slowly paced among the slumbering host,
Heard in his tent the moanings of the King:

"I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I marked Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not.
I waged His wars, and now I pass and die.
O me! for why is all around us here
As if some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would,
Till the High God behold it from beyond,
And enter it, and make it beautiful?
Or else as if the world were wholly fair."

* * * * * *

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood



THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

But when that moan had past for evermore,
The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn
Amazed him, and he groaned, "The King is gone."
And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,
"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Whereat he slowly turned and slowly clomb
The last hard footstep of that iron crag;
Thence marked the black hull moving yet, and cried,
"He passes to be King among the dead,
And after healing of his grievous wound
He comes again; but — if he come no more —
O me, be yon dark Queens, in yon black boat,
Who shrieked and wailed, the three whereat we gazed
On that high day, when, clothed with living light,
They stood before his throne in silence, friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?"

Then from the dawn it seemed there came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
Even to the highest he could climb, and saw,
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,
Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less and vanish into light.
And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

— Alfred Tennyson.

HOW TO READ

Read with attention. Attention is the fundamental condition of all reading, of all study, of all work properly done. What is its nature? It is a concentration of the mind upon an object of thought to the exclusion of all others. It is a habit, and, like all habits, to be acquired only by practice. One may live in a state of habitual distraction as well as in a state of habitual attentiveness. The habit of perfect attention — the habit that we all of us seek to acquire as best befitting social beings who cannot shirk the claims and requirements of social life — is the attention that can, without strain or effort, break off from one subject, pass on to another, and resume at once the thread of one's reading or thoughts.

— Brother Azarias.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF INDEPENDENCE

The Declaration of American Independence was a declaration of war with Great Britain, war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt. There were fearful odds against the Colonies when they threw down the gage of battle. On one side was England — strong in the consciousness of wealth and power, strong in the prestige of sovereignty, fully armed and equipped for war, insolent, haughty, scorning even to entertain the idea of possible check or defeat. On the other side, the Thirteen Colonies, stretching, for the most part, along the seaboard, vulnerable at a hundred points, and open to attack by sea and land, without army, without navy, without money or ammunition or material of war, having for troops only crowds of undisciplined citizens, who had left for a while plow and anvil and hurried to the front with what arms they could lay hands on to fight the veterans of King George, skilled in their terrible trade by long service in European wars.

On the second of July, 1776, the Continental Congress was in session in Philadelphia. There were about forty-nine delegates present. That day was a day of gloom. The air was dark and heavy with ill news: ill news from the North — Montgomery had fallen at Quebec, and the expedition against Canada had miserably failed;

ill news from the South — a fleet of British men-of-war had crossed the bar of Charleston, South Carolina; ill news from New York — Lord Howe's ships were riding in the Lower Bay, and a British army of thirty thousand men menaced the city with attack. From all sides came ill tidings. Everywhere doubt and suspicion and despondency. It was a dark and gloomy time, when even the boldest might well be forgiven for losing heart.

Such was the hour when Congress entered upon the consideration of the great question on which hung the fate of a continent. There were some who clung still to British connection. The king might relent — conciliation was not impossible — a monarchical form of government was dear to them. The past of England was their past, and they were loath to lose it. Then, war was a terrible alternative. They saw the precipice, and they shuddered and started back appalled.

But on the other side were the men of the hour — the men of the people, who listened to the voice of the people, and felt the throbbing of the people's great heart. They, too, saw the precipice. Their eyes fathomed all the depth of the black abyss, but they saw beyond the glorious vision of the coming years. They saw countless happy homes stretching far and wide across a continent, wherein should dwell for

ages generation after generation of men nurtured in strength and virtue and prosperity by the light and warmth of freedom.

Remember that between the Thirteen Colonies there were then but few ties. They differed in many things: in race, religion, climate, productions, and habits of thought, as much then as they do now. One grand purpose alone knit their souls together, North to South, Adams of Massachusetts to Jefferson of Virginia — the holy purpose of building up here, for them and their children, a free nation, to be the example, the model, the citadel of freedom; or, failing in that, to die and be forgotten, or remembered only with the stain of rebellion on their names.

The counsel of these brave and generous men prevailed. Some light from the better world illumined their souls and strengthened their hearts. Behind them surged and beat the great tide of popular enthusiasm. The people, ever alive to heroic purpose; the people, whose honest instincts are often the wisest statesmanship — the people waited but for the word; ready to fight, ready to die, if need be, for independence. And so God's will was done upon the earth.

The word was spoken, the "Declaration" was made that gave life and name to the "United States of America," and a new nation breathed and looked into the future, daring all the best or the worst that future might

bring. If that declaration became a signal of rescue and relief to countries far away, what word can describe the miracles it has wrought for this people here at home? It was a spell, a talisman, an armor of proof, and a sword of victory. The undisciplined throng of citizen-soldiers, taught in the stern school of hardship and reverse, soon grew to be a great army, before which the veterans of Britain recoiled.

Europe, surprised into sympathy with rebellion, sent her best and bravest here to fight the battle of freedom, and Lafayette of France, De Kalb of Germany, Kosciusko of Poland, and their compeers, drew their bright swords in the ranks of the young republic. Best support of all was that calm, fearless, steadfast soul, which, undismayed in the midst of peril and disaster, undaunted amid wreck and ruin, stood like a tower, reflecting all that was best and noblest in the character of the American people, and personifying its resolute will. Happy is that nation to whom, in its hour of need, bountiful Heaven provides a leader so brave and wise, so fitted to guide and rule, as was, in that early crisis of the American republic, its foremost man — George Washington.

Thus, from the baptism of blood, the young nation came forth purified, triumphant, free. Then the mystic influence, the magic of her accomplished freedom, began to work, and the thoughts of men, and the powers

of earth and air and sea, began to do her bidding and cast their treasures at her feet.

From the thirteen parent Colonies thirty-eight great States and Territories have been born. At first a broad land of forest and prairie stretched far and wide, needing only the labor of man to render it fruitful. Men came; across the Atlantic, breasting its storms, sped mighty fleets, carrying hither brigades and divisions of the grand army of labor.

They came from field and forest in the noble German land — from where, amid cornfield and vineyard and flowers, the lordly Rhine flows proudly towards the sea; from Ireland — from heath-covered hill and grassy valley, from where the giant cliffs standing as sentinels for Europe meet the first shock of the Atlantic and hurl back its surges, broken and shattered in foam. From France and Switzerland, from Italy and Sweden, from all the winds of heaven, they came; and as their battle line advanced, the desert fell back subdued, and in its stead sprang up corn and fruit, the olive and the vine, and gardens that blossomed like the rose.

Of triumphs like these, who can estimate the value? The population of three millions a hundred years ago has risen to forty-three millions to-day. We have great cities, great manufactures, great commerce, great wealth, great luxury and splendor. Seventy-four thousand miles of railway conquer distance, and make

all our citizens neighbors to one another. All these things are great and good, and can be turned to good. But they are not all. Whatever fate may befall this republic, whatever vicissitudes or disasters may be before her, this praise, at least, can never be denied to this glory she has won forever, that for one hundred years she has been hospitable and generous; that she gave to the stranger a welcome — opened to him all the treasures of her liberty, gave him free scope for all his ability, a free career, and fair play.

And this it is that most endears this republic to other nations, and has made fast friends for her in the homes of the peoples all over the earth; not her riches, not her nuggets of gold, not her mountains of silver, not her prodigies of mechanical skill, great and valuable though these things be. It is this that most of all makes her name beloved and honored: that she has been always broad and liberal in her sympathies; that she has given homes to the homeless, land to the landless; that she has secured for the greatest number of those who have dwelt on her wide domain a larger measure of liberty and peace and happiness, and for a greater length of time, than has ever been enjoyed by any other people on this earth. For this reason, the peoples all over the earth, and through all time, will call this republic blessed.

— Richard O'Gorman.

THE STRING OF THE ROSARY

Arbutus came from out the moist earth peeping,
And then a violet and a Bethlehem star,
And when a daisy smiled which had been sleeping
Down in the pines, where sheltered corners are,
The fields were hidden in a soft green cover
And our whole world was Lady April's lover.

The lilacs burst and filled the air with incense,
Then roses crowded in the way of June,
Beauties well guarded by their thorns and leaves dense,
Ruddy in daylight, pale 'neath harvest moon;
From pure white to deepest crimson ranging,
In loveliness from bud to blossom changing.

Then maples in the autumn! And the aster,
I saw last year its petals ruby red,
Gold-hearted, aromatic; fast and faster
The year sped onward to the years that fled;
But gorgeous were the banners borne before him;
And clouds took purple vestments to adore him.

The last sad days were not so sad in passing,
The barns were full, and hiding here and there,
A late flower bloomed; and to the eastward massing
Against the wind, the cedar hedges were

Green all the year, and greener in the winter;
Them ocean gales could neither bend nor splinter.

These have their meaning; every month and season
Speaks to the Christian heart a tale of love;
We, knowing this, in each may find a reason
For tender thoughts for the dear Lord above;
Red roses say, "The Sacred Heart remember!"
"Eternal life!" cry hedges in December.

Poor is the man who sees but earthly flowers,
Hears only earthly voices in the trees,
And finds no symbols in the star-lit hours,
Though his great wealth be blazoned over seas;
Poor! if he in the cloud sees only vapor
And in the sun a larger useful taper.

Fair silver lines the cloud of sternest duty,
There is a glow on all our week-day deeds;
Through all the year there runs a string of beauty
Like the bright chain that holds the rosary beads.
Life is not hard seen through the Resurrection;
Nature, read rightly, helps us to perfection.[1]

—Maurice Francis Egan.

[1] From *Songs and Sonnets.* Copyright, 1898, by Benziger Brothers.

THE SIGNOR BRUTTI'S EASTER GUEST

I am but a rude soldier, yet there is something about the pictured face of San Antonio which makes me wonder that a mere boy such as he could e'er have been so great a saint. For hark you, Signor, he was no weakling! He could work as well as pray, and he was no coward. Know you not how when the plague beset our town — brought here from over sea in a cargo of merchandise from the Levant — he nursed the sick and buried the dying? Many a soldier fled from his own kin leaving them to die, but for the good saint.

There is not so much courage in fighting, Signor. There is the glow of action; the fierce love of killing which rises in the blood like fire; the thought of victory and the rich spoil, all this to spur one on! But to enter a plague-stricken hovel, to nurse a foul disease, to close a dead man's eyes and say an *Ave* for his soul — that is courage, is it not?

It was the winter of 1525. Every one well knows of the miseries which smote our city of Padova at that time. Between the French and Spanish we knew not where to turn, for one or another was always at our heels like a snapping dog. I had served with the Duke of Ferara and been discharged on account of a little affair with the Duke's secretary. With less

money in my pocket than I might have used, I walked to Padova, thinking to find place with my old master, the Signor Malti, but he was away at the wars and none could tell me where he might be found. Then — not having my stomach over full — I lay down to sleep one day and woke to find myself robbed of my last penny. This was a bad state to be in, for money was scarce in Padova, and there came a time when I knew not where to turn for aid.

It grew toward Easter, and all Padova was making ready for the feast — a favorite one with us. As for me, I prepared to do one of two things — starve or steal.

However, upon the third day I was starving, starving, man! Do you know what it means? There was no soul in all that wide city to give me aid. It was Good Friday. Each man and woman in Padova was wrapped in gloom for his or her own sins, with never a thought for the poor souls around, who were driven to sin and death. In this they followed not the Blessed Christ.

I am a rough soldier, Signor, yet I know a brave man. The brave Christ — He did not forget the poor. He saved that thief, you know, and thought of him even when He Himself was dying so horribly upon the cross. I thought of it that Good Friday morning as I knelt at Mass with all that holy crowd.

Then I looked up to where stood the statue of our

saint, and I wondered if he was ever hungry — the little Padre Antonio? Then rose the famous hymn:

> "All dangers vanish at thy prayer,
> And direst need doth quickly flee."

It's a fine old chant, Signor, as stirring as a war song, and I tried to join in it, but was seized with such a faintness that I ceased and staggered from the church. This I did amid the frowns of the worshipers, and I blamed them not, for I reeled for all the world like a soldier who had taken too much wine. I sat down to rest, then seeing near by a bakeshop, I staggered to it and gazed in at the window. Ah! I could have eaten every loaf. I fingered my dagger — the only thing left to me save my jerkin, hose, and boots, for sword, hat, and cloak were long since gone to the Jew who dwelt in the street of San Felipeo.

As I stood by the window, I thought how easily that good steel could pierce the glass for me, and I could have the bread I so craved. But something held me back; that strange something within each man. Some call it conscience; if so, mine was stirred to life by the morning's Mass, and I remembered the things my mother used to say about the saints being ready to help us at all times. I wondered if all of them were not too busy to help me? Saints would have little to do with a vagabond like me, and I laughed bitterly.

"What find you so amusing in my poor window,

Signor?" asked a voice at my elbow. It was a hateful, mocking little voice, quavering and old, yet with a note of sharp insistence. I turned hastily and saw a face fit to belong to the voice; a sharp nose, thin, drawn lips, eyes set near together and peering from under heavy lids. "What is there so laughable about my window, you dog?" cried the little man again, his voice rising with a ring of sarcasm in its notes.

He angered me, and casting prudence to the winds, I answered, "Nothing so laughable as its owner, Signor Isaac." To take him for a Jew, if he were not, I knew to be the deadliest speech I could make, and so it proved. Such a fury as he flew into! He stormed and raged and beat at me with his claw-like hands, but I only laughed the more. At last he ceased and turned away, entering the shop.

"Who is that man?" I asked a passer-by.

"The Signor Brutti — a new baker but recently come from Rome," was the reply.

Then the old man came again to the step and called to me.

"You are a fool!" he said kindly, "but you are strong. I need one to help me for an hour in moving the casks of flour. I will pay you well."

My heart leaped within me. It was no work for a soldier, but neither was starving. However, I knew that I could not work as I was, so I said: "Good sir,

I will work well, but give me a loaf of bread to eat ere I begin. I am hungry."

"Not a morsel," he cried. "You will eat and then run."

"I shall not run if I do not eat," I said grimly, for that dread faintness came upon me again, and I saw the little old man as through a veil of smoke. "Upon the honor of a soldier," I added.

"Soldiers have no honor," he cried.

"I have as much right to say that I will work and you will not pay me," I protested, and at this he burst into a rage again.

"Dog! Beggar! Wretch!" he cried, almost foaming at the mouth. "Go! out of my sight!"

My guardian angel surely whispered to me then, for to my ears there came the memory of the line sung at Mass. "And direst need doth quickly flee!" I had not prayed for months, Signor, yet in my heart went up the cry, "Padre Antonio, pray for me and help me!" I slowly went across the street and sat down in the sunshine. I would be dead before long. Easter would find me here no more. I wondered if I would be hungry in Purgatory? At that moment a hand touched my shoulder. I looked up. A monk stood beside me. His face I could not see, but his voice was wonderfully gentle, and he said, "Poor man, come with me!"

I rose and followed him across the street into the shop.

"Give this man food," commanded the gentle voice. "All he can eat." And before I could protest that I could not pay, he silenced me with a gesture, and I began to eat.

When I could eat no more I fell upon a bench from very weakness, and was asleep before the bell rang for the midday angelus. When I awoke it was night. I lay in a bed within an attic room, burning with fever, but I felt a kind hand bathe my brow, a gentle voice murmured an *Ave* beside me and I slept again. Thus lay I betwixt sleeping and waking for hours.

At last I awoke to some consciousness of what went on about me, and an old woman came to my bed and gave me wine and bread.

"Where am I?" I asked feebly.

"You are in the house of the Signor Brutti — the baker," she answered. "Why, I know not. A strange monk brought you here and has tended you as if you were his brother. In the day he works for the Signor below — works like a slave to pay your keep. He had no money, he said, but he could work! He has a heavy task, for the Signor Brutti is hard to please."

Then she left me alone, and I pondered much at the turn things had taken. Who was this monk? Why did he succor me? Why make himself a menial for my sake? As I thought thus he came into the room, and I plied him with the question.

"Thy Lord and mine made of Himself a carpenter and died like a poor slave to succor you, dear lad," he said, his large, dark eyes lighting up with a deep, beautiful glow. "I do but try to follow Him this blessed Eastertide. You are better. To-morrow you will be well. Will you come with me to hear the Easter Mass?"

"I will do anything for you, my father," I cried.

"Anything?" with a little smile, which seemed as does the sun breaking over the quiet Apennines.

"Have you not saved my life?" I asked, aggrieved that he should doubt me.

"Mayhap," he answered, "I had rather save your soul. Will you go to be shriven to-morrow, lad?"

I was years older than he seemed to be, for from his slight figure and sweet, almost boyish face I thought him not over five and twenty, but there was a fatherliness in his mien which, coupled with his gracious deed for me, conquered my stubborn soul, and I said, "If you will, father, and on every Easter after this, I shall go to the Church of San Antonio ——" I stopped a moment, for like a flash had come to me the memory of my prayer. "It is he!" I cried. "Il Santo! Tell me, father, did San Antonio send you to me? I prayed to him."

He smiled again, and a little color flamed into his pale cheeks; then he said gently: "The good God sent me, dear lad. Try to sleep," and I obeyed.

At midnight I awoke. A strange light was shed upon me from a chamber beyond mine. Sweet perfumes filled the air, scents such as I had never known before, so sweet as to make one dream of Paradise and angel gardens. Through the violet-scented air stole soft, indistinguishable murmurs and a thrilling ecstasy was breathed about. Softly I rose and crept to the door, which was ajar. What did I see? Ah, Signor! a sight which made me sink to my knees in speechless adoration.

There knelt my monk — mine because he had loved me, tended me, toiled for me, saved my wicked soul, Signor. He was in his brown robes, his face was uplifted, his arms were outstretched. About him in the air were angel forms; roses lay upon the rough stone floor, and before him, oh, the wonder of the sight — stood the Christ-Child he so loved. His baby hands were stretched out toward the saint — for in a moment I knew that this was San Antonio, come from Heaven to toil for me! And as I closed my eyes, fearing to look longer upon the heavenly sight, the Divine Child's lips whispered sweetly, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

Next morning he was gone, gone from my sight, Signor. Yet as I knelt to make my confession in the Church, and as I went happily to hear my Easter Mass

that day, he seemed ever near me, he and the Blessed Christ.

I have fared well since then, Signor. I left my old trade of man-at-arms, for it is a hard life for a man to lead well. The little shop of the baker Brutti had an attraction for me, and before many months I found a place therein and the Signor's lovely daughter Carlotta was my wife. Our oldest boy is named Antonio. We are simple folk, but happy, very happy.

My father-in-law is good for all his peevish ways. When he scolds we sigh and think he suffers more than usual. Often he complains that I do not half the work which did the monk who brought me to him. Then Carlotta, half laughing, yet with a tear in her sweet, dark eye, whispers to me that her father never had an underling whom he reviled as he did his Easter guest.

Then do I say over to myself, Signor, "Thy Lord and mine made of Himself a carpenter and died like a poor slave to succor you, dear lad. I do but try to follow Him this blessed Easter-tide!"

— Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose luster is not less.

— Adelaide A. Procter.

THE BALLAD OF THE FOX HUNTER

"Now lay me in a cushioned chair
And carry me, you four,
With cushions here and cushions there,
To see the world once more.

"And some one from the stables bring
My Dermot dear and brown,
And lead him gently in a ring,
And gently up and down.

"Now leave the chair upon the grass:
Bring hound and huntsman here,
And I on this strange road will pass,
Filled full of ancient cheer."

His eyelids droop, his head falls low,
His old eyes cloud with dreams;
The sun upon all things that grow
Pours round in sleepy streams.

Brown Dermot treads upon the lawn,
And to the armchair goes,
And now the old man's dreams are gone,
He smooths the long brown nose.

And now moves many a pleasant tongue
Upon his wasted hands,
For leading aged hounds and young
The huntsman near him stands.

A fire is in the old man's eyes,
His fingers move and sway,
And when the wandering music dies
They hear him feebly say,

"My huntsman, Rody, blow the horn,
And make the hills reply."
"I cannot blow upon my horn,
I can but weep and sigh."

The servants round his cushioned place
Are with new sorrow wrung;
And hounds are gazing on his face,
Both aged hounds and young.

One blind hound only lies apart
On the sun-smitten grass;
He holds deep commune with his heart:
The moments pass and pass;

The blind hound with a mournful din
Lifts slow his wintry head;
The servants bear the body in;
The hounds wail for the dead.

—William Butler Yeats.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM

O cruel manger, how bleak, how bleak
For the limbs of the Babe, my God,
Soft little limbs on the cold, cold straw;
Weep, O eyes, for thy God!

Bitter ye winds in the frosty night
Upon the Babe, my God,
Piercing the torn and broken thatch;
Lament, O heart, for thy God!

Bare is the floor, how bare, how bare
For the Babe's sweet mother, my God;
Only a stable for mother and Babe;
How cruel thy world, my God!

Cast out, cast out, by his brother men,
Unknown the Babe, my God;
The ox and ass are there;
Soften, O heart, for thy God!

Dear little arms and sweet little hands,
That stretch for thy mother, my God;
Soft baby eyes to the mother's eyes;
Melt, O heart, for thy God.

Waxen touches on mother's heart,
Fingers of the Babe, my God;
Dear baby lips to her virgin breast,
The virgin mother of God.

The shepherds have come from the hills to adore
The Babe in the manger, my God;
Mary and Joseph welcome them, there;
Worship, O soul, thy God!

But I alone may not come near
The Babe in the manger, my God;
Weep for thy sins, O heart, and plead
With Mary, the mother of God.

May I not come, oh, just to the door,
To see the Babe, my God?
There will I stop, and kneel and adore,
And weep for my sins, O God!

But Mary smiles, and rising up,
In her arms the Babe, my God,
She comes to the door and bends her down,
With the Babe in her arms, my God!

Her sinless arms in my sinful arms
Places the Babe, my God;
"He has come to take thy sins away;"
Break, O heart, for thy God!

—Condé Benoist Pallen.

IN SPRINGTIME

3d March. — Everything was singing this morning while I was at my prayers — thrushes, finches, and my little linnet. It was just like spring; and this evening here we have clouds, cold, gloom, winter again — melancholy winter. I don't much like it; but each season must be good, since God has made them all. Therefore, let frost, wind, snow, fogs, clouds, weather of every description, be welcome! Is it not sinful to complain when one is warm and comfortable beside the fire, while so many poor people are shivering out of doors?

At twelve o'clock a beggar found great delight in a plateful of hot soup that was given to him at the door, and did perfectly well without sunshine. Surely, then, so may I. The fact is, one longs for something pleasant this day of general amusement, and we wanted to keep our Shrove Tuesday in the sun, out of doors, and in taking long walks; whereas we have been obliged to limit ourselves to the hamlet, where every one wanted to feast us.

We thanked, without taking anything, as we had had dinner. The little children came about us like chickens. I made them crack some nuts that I had put into my pocket to give them. Twenty years hence they will remember our visit, because we gave them

something good, and the memory will be pleasant. Those were well-employed nuts.

* * * * * * *

17th. — I am listening to the shepherd whistling in the valley. This is the most cheerful sound that can proceed from human lips. This whistle denotes an absence of care, a sense of well-being, and *I am content*, which pleases me. These poor people must needs have something or other: they have cheerfulness. Two little children are also singing while making up their fagot of branches among the sheep. From time to time they interrupt themselves to laugh or play, the sense of their responsibilities escaping them. I should like to watch their proceedings, and to listen to the blackbird singing in the hedge beside the brook; but I mean to read. It is Massillon that I am reading, now that we are in Lent. I admire his Friday's discourse on prayer, which is really a hymn.

18th. — This morning the shepherd informed me of the arrival of the wagtails; one has followed the flock the whole day. This is a good omen: we shall soon have flowers. It is also believed that these birds bring good luck to the flocks. The shepherds revere them as a species of genii, and would on no account kill one; if that misfortune happened, the finest sheep in the flock would be sure to die!

I only wish this simple credulity preserved in like

manner many other small birds that our rustics so cruelly destroy, and about which I used to fret not a little formerly. The sorrows of the nests were one of my childish griefs. I used to think about the mother and the children, and I was miserable not to be able to protect the innocent creatures. I used to recommend them to God.

I said: My God, or let them not be born,
Or from misfortune guard;
Guard these poor fledgelings, Thou who hast the power,
From vulture's claw, and hands and hearts as hard.

Some have I seen from ivy-curtained nest,
Some from tall trees, or sand-holes, snatched away.
And sad as I, when shut from air and light,
All perished in a day.

And all had sung, and all — their wings once grown —
Had flown through forests and across the seas,
And with young flowers the swallows had returned
Upon the vernal breeze.

You'd watch them, children, flying 'neath the clouds,
You'd hear them sing at morn the summer long;
Oh, how much better than to see them caged!
No liberty, no song!

19th. — I don't know where these birds might not have led me, so many memories did they awaken and such tenderness did I feel toward them.

— Eugénie de Guérin.

THE LOWER BOUGH

Rest on the lower bough,
  Whose wings are frail,
Nor seek the riotous tops
  Lashed by the gale.

Let not ambition tempt
  To flutter where
The eagle's iron wing
  May scarcely dare.

All native to the sward
  And leafy shade,
Thy slender treble fills
  The quiet glade.

But in the upper gale
  Thy little sound
Were like a rose leaf reft
  And blown around,

Or in the solitude
  Of height on height,
The flickering of a spark
  Within the light.

—Condé Benoist Pallen.

A LAMENT

Youth's bright palace
Is overthrown,
With its diamond scepter
And golden throne;
As a time-worn stone
Its turrets are humbled, —
All hath crumbled
But grief alone!

Whither, oh! whither
Have fled away
The dreams and hopes
Of my early days?
Ruined and gray
Are the towers I builded;
And the beams that gilded —
Ah! where are they?

Once this world
Was fresh and bright,
With its golden noon
And its starry night;
Glad and light,
By mountain and river,
Have I blessed the Giver
With hushed delight.

Youth's illusions,
One by one,
Have passed like clouds
That the sun looked on.
While morning shone,
How purple their fringes!
How ashy their tinges
When that was gone!

As fireflies fade
When the nights are damp —
As meteors are quenched
In a stagnant swamp —
Thus Charlemagne's camp,
Where the Paladins rally,
And the Diamond Valley,
And the Wonderful Lamp,

And all the wonders
Of Ganges and Nile,
And Haroun's rambles,
And Crusoe's isle,
And Princes who smile
On the Genii's daughters
'Neath the Orient waters
Full many a mile,

And all that the pen
Of Fancy can write,

Must vanish
In manhood's misty light —
Squire and Knight,
And damosels' glances,
Sunny romances
So pure and bright!

These have vanished,
And what remains?
Life's budding garlands
Have turned to chains —
Its beams and rains
Feed but docks and thistles.
And sorrow whistles
O'er desert plains!

— Denis Florence MacCarthy.

Get not your friends by bare compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love. It is well worth while to learn how to win the heart of a man in the right way. Force is of no use to make or preserve a friend, who is an animal that is never caught or tamed but by kindness and pleasure.

— Socrates.

AT EASTER

In April, when the ash-trees bloom,
The doves at Easter coo and sing
Amid the golden poplar-cups,
Brimmed with the melodies of spring:
The lilac's purple thuribles
Pour fragrant odors, born of pain:
Sweet nuns the glad, white roses bow
'Neath Alleluias of the rain,
While serving-Winds adore and croon,
And God keeps watch thro' afternoon.

At Easter slow the white clouds go,
Stoled priests down the wide aisles of heaven;
In majesty exposed, the sun
Flames on from Laud to None at even;
The moon, like a white Carmelite,
Removed a-west, in awe adores;
In love heaven's boundless depth of blue
Around His tabernacle pours,
While the great stars, on heights concealed,
Adore His countenance revealed.

—CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN OUR AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

It may be interesting and instructive for us to consider in this place whether the dictum of the Holy Scripture, "Righteousness exalteth a nation," is as applicable to the United States as it has been to ancient empires; whether the founders of our government and their successors, down to our time, have been indebted to religion as an indispensable element for establishing and maintaining the Republic on a solid basis; what blessings we owe to our Christian civilization; and what dangers are to be averted that the Commonwealth may be perpetuated.

At first sight it might seem that religious principles were entirely ignored by the Fathers of the Republic in framing the Constitution, as it contains no reference to God, and makes no appeal to religion. It is true, indeed, that the Constitution of the United States does not once mention the name of God. And even the first article of the amendments declares, that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." And so strongly have certain religious sects been impressed with this fact, that they have repeatedly tried to get the name of God incorporated into the Constitution.

But the omission of God's holy name affords no just criterion of the religious character of the Founders of the Republic or of the Constitution which they framed. Nor should we have any concern to have the name of God imprinted in the Constitution, so long as the Constitution itself is interpreted by the light of Christian revelation. I would rather sail under the guidance of a living captain than under that of a figurehead at the prow of a ship. The adorable name of God should not be a mere figurehead adorning the pages of the Constitution. Far better for the nation that His Spirit should animate our laws, that He should be invoked in our courts of justice, that He should be worshiped in our Sabbaths and thanksgivings, and that His guidance should be implored in the opening of our Congressional proceedings.

If the authors of the Constitution did not insert the name of God in that immortal instrument, they did not fail, however, to recognize Him as the essential source of wisdom, as is evident from the following memorable words recorded of one of their most illustrious members: "The small progress we have made after four or five weeks of close attendance and continued reasonings with each other, our different sentiments on almost every question, is, methinks, a melancholy proof of the imperfection of the human understanding. We indeed seem to feel our own want

of political wisdom, since we have been running about in search of it. We have gone back to ancient history for models of government, and examined the different forms of those republics which, having been formed with the seeds of their own dissolution, now no longer exist.

"In this situation of this assembly, groping, as it were, in the dark to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened, sir, that we have not heretofore once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Light to illuminate our understandings?

"I have lived for many years, and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see that God governs in the affairs of men, and if a sparrow cannot fall without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We are told in the sacred writings that except the Lord build a house, they labor in vain that build it. This I firmly believe, and I believe that without His concurring aid we shall succeed no better in this political building of ours than did the builders of Babel."

The Declaration of American Independence is one of the most solemn and memorable professions of political faith that ever emanated from the leading minds of any country. It has exerted as much influence in foreshadowing the spirit and character of our Constitution and public policy as the Magna Charta exercised on

the Constitution of Great Britain. A devout recognition of God and His overruling providence pervades that momentous document from beginning to end. God's holy name greets us in the opening paragraph, and is piously invoked in the last sentence of the Declaration; and thus it is at the same time the corner stone and the keystone of this great monument to freedom.

The inaugural address of the Father of his Country, to both houses of Congress, is pervaded by profound religious sentiments. He recognizes, with humble gratitude, the Hand of Providence in the formation of the government, and he fervently invokes the unfailing benediction of heaven on the nation and its rulers.

His devout trust in God is affirmed with equal emphasis in his farewell address: —

"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked: Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation de-

sert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

I may add that Washington's successors, in deference to public sentiment, and also, no doubt, in obedience to their own religious convictions, have followed his example, by imploring the Divine protection in their inaugural addresses. The laws of the United States are so intimately interwoven with the Christian religion that they can not be adequately expounded without the light of Revelation.

—James, Cardinal Gibbons.

THE DUTY AND VALUE OF PATRIOTISM

The Lord is the God of nations because he is the God of men. No nation is born into life or vanishes back into nothingness without His bidding. I believe in the providence of God over countries as I believe in His wisdom and His love, and my patriotism to my country rises within my soul invested with the halo of my religion to my God.

More than a century ago a transatlantic poet and philosopher, reading well the signs, wrote: —

> "Westward the course of empire takes its way.
> The first four acts already past,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
> Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Berkeley's prophetic eye had descried America. What shall I say, in a brief discourse of my country's value and beauty, of her claims to my love and loyalty? I will pass by in silence her fields and forests, her rivers and seas, the boundless riches hidden beneath her soil and amid the rocks of her mountains, her pure and health-giving air, her transcendent wealth of nature's fairest and most precious gifts. I will not speak of the noble qualities and robust deeds of her sons, skilled in commerce and industry, valorous in war, prosperous in peace. In all these things America is opulent and great: but beyond them and above them in her singular grandeur, to which her material splendor is only the fitting circumstance.

America, born into the family of nations in these latter times, is the highest billow in humanity's evolution, the crowning effort of ages in the aggrandizement of man. Unless we take her in this altitude, we do not comprehend her; we belittle her towering stature and conceal the singular design of Providence in her creation.

America is the country of human dignity, and human liberty. When the fathers of the republic declared "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," a cardinal principle was enunciated which in its truth was as old as the race, but in practical realization almost unknown.

Slowly, amid sufferings and revolutions, humanity had been reaching out toward a reign of the rights of man. Ante-Christian paganism had utterly denied such rights. It allowed nothing to man as man; he was what wealth, place, or power made him. Even the wise Aristotle taught that some men were intended by nature to be slaves and chattels. The sweet religion of Christ proclaimed aloud the doctrine of the common fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of men.

Eighteen hundred years, however, went by, and the civilized world had not yet put its civil and political institutions in accord with its spiritual faith. The Christian Church was all this time leavening human society and patiently awaiting the promised fermentation. This came at last, and it came in America. It came in a first manifestation through the Declaration of Independence; it came in a second and final manifestation through President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation.

In America all men are civilly and politically equal; all have the same rights; all wield the same arm of defense and of conquest, the suffrage; and the sole condition of rights and of power is simple manhood.

Liberty is the exemption from all restraint save that of the laws of justice and order; the exemption from submission to other men, except as they represent and enforce those laws. The divine gift of liberty to man is God's recognition of his greatness and his dignity. The sweetness of man's life and the power of growth lie in liberty. The loss of liberty is the loss of light and sunshine, the loss of life's best portion. Humanity, under the spell of heavenly memories, never ceased to dream of liberty and to aspire to its possession. Now and then, here and there, its refreshing breezes caress humanity's brow. But not until the republic of the West was born, was liberty caught up in humanity's embrace and embodied in a great and abiding nation.

In America the government takes from the liberty of the citizens only so much as is necessary for the weal of the nation, which the citizen by his own act freely concedes. In America there are no masters, who govern in their own rights, for their own interests, or at their own will. We have over us no Louis XIV, saying: "L'état, c'est moi";[1] no Hohenzollern, an-

[1] "I am the State."

nouncing that in his acts as sovereign he is responsible only to his conscience and to God.

Ours is the government of the people, by the people, for the people. The government is our own organized will. There is no State above or apart from the people. Rights begin with and go upward from the people. In other countries, even those apparently the most free, rights begin with and come downward from the State; the rights of citizens, the rights of the people, are concessions which have been painfully wrenched from the governing powers.

With Americans, whenever the organized government does not prove its grant, the liberty of the individual citizen is sacred and inviolable. Elsewhere there are governments called republics: universal suffrage constitutes the State; but, once constituted, the State is tyrannous and arbitrary, invades at will private rights, and curtails at will individual liberty. One republic is liberty's native home — America.

The God-given mission of the republic of America is not only to its own people; it is to all the people of the earth, before whose eyes it is the symbol of human rights and human liberty, toward whom its flag flutters hopes of future happiness for themselves.

Is there not for Americans a meaning to the word "country"? Is there not for Americans reason to live for country, and, if need there be, to die for country?

Is there not joy in the recollection that you have been her saviors and glory in the name of America's "Loyal Legion"? Whatever the country, patriotism is a duty: in America the duty is thrice sacred.

The duty of patriotism is the duty of justice and of gratitude. The country fosters and protects our dearest interests — our altars and hearthstones — *pro aris et focis.* Without it there is no safety for life or property, no opportunities of development and progress. All that the country is, she makes ours. We are wise of her wisdom, rich of her opulence, resplendent of her glory, strong of her fortitude. At once the prisoner Paul rose to eminence, and obtained respect from Palestinian Jews and Roman soldiers, when he proudly announced that he was a citizen of Rome — *civis Romanus.* And to-day how significant, the world over, are the words "I am a citizen of America" — *civis Americanus!*

Duty to country is a duty of conscience, a duty to God. For country exists by natural divine right. It receives from God the authority needful for its life and work; its authority to command is divine. The apostle of Christ to the Gentiles writes: "There is no power but from God, and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore, he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God."

— Archbishop John Ireland.

PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON

A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father: Father, give me the portion of substance that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his substance.

And not many days after, the younger son gathering all together, went abroad into a far country: and there wasted his substance, living riotously. And after he had spent all, there came a mighty famine in that country: and he began to be in want.

And he went and cleaved to one of the citizens of that country. And he sent him into his farm to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.

And returning to himself, he said: How many hired servants in my father's house abound with bread, and I here perish with hunger? I will arise, and will go to my father, and say to him: Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee: I am not now worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

And rising up he came to his father. And when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and running to him fell upon his neck, and kissed him. And the son said to him:

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, I am not now worthy to be called thy son.

And the father said to his servants: Bring forth quickly the first robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and make merry: because this my son was dead, and is come to life again: was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field, and when he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing: And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant.

And he said to him: Thy brother is come, and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe. And he was angry, and would not go in. His father therefore, coming out, began to entreat him.

And he answering, said to his father: Behold, for so many years do I serve thee, and I have never transgressed thy commandment, and yet thou hast never given me a kid to make merry with my friends: but as soon as this thy son is come, who hath devoured his substance with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.

But he said to him: Son, thou art always with me, and all I have is thine. But it was fit that we should

make merry and be glad, for this thy brother was dead, and is come to life again; he was lost, and is found.

—*Luke* xv. 11–32.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

Thy ninety years on earth have passed away.
At last thou restest 'mid that heavenly clime
Where Act is Rest, and Age perpetual prime;
Thy noblest, holiest work begins this day, —
Begins, not ends! Best Work is Prayer; and they
Who plead, absolved from bonds of Space and Time,
With lordliest labor work that work sublime,
Order our planet with benignest sway.

So work, great Spirit! Thy toils foregone each year,
Bear fruit on earth! Thousands but praise thee now;
Those laureates soon will bend a brightening brow
O'er tomes of thine; each may drop a tear
For friends that o'er blind oceans pushed their prow,
Self cheated of a guiding light so clear.

—Aubrey de Vere.

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, clean forspent,
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him;
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him — last,
When out of the woods He came.

— SIDNEY LANIER.

He was the Word that spake it,
He took the Bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.

— JOHN DONNE.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Sing, O world, the Virgin Mary,
Sing her bright, celestial beauty,
Sing her goodly preservation
From the dark and dread alliance.
In the instant of creation,
Came her soul to state of justice,
Breathed her spirit glad with blessing,
By the favor of the Mighty.
Fair as moonlight on the snowdrift,
Is the honor of our people,
Is the Blessed Virgin Mary,
The Immaculate Conception.

Enmities, yea, full and perfect,
God foretold at Eve's confession,
Should exist between the serpent
And the Woman of the promise.
Mary came, the pure, the sinless,
Who had never part with Satan,
Conquered through her Son, the Saviour,
Crushed the Spirit of all evil.
Joy to Angel hosts of heaven
Led by Michael, Prince of Battle,
Is the Blessed Virgin Mary,
The Immaculate Conception.

Woman blessed above all women,
Is the sun-clothed Virgin Mother,
Living temple, framed of Heaven
For the dwelling of the Holy,
Of her flesh, the flesh of Jesus,
From her veins His veins ran purple;
This revolving, faith discerneth,
Wherefore she was made the sinless.
Sweet as roses at their waking,
Breathing love unto their Maker,
Is the Blessed Virgin Mary,
The Immaculate Conception.

God most high, and Son of Mary,
By His cross, and woeful passion,
Felled the Demon, crushed his purpose,
Thus accomplished our redemption.
From the tree which death encompassed,
Sought He legacy to leave us,
And He gave His dearest treasure,
His own Mother, to our keeping.
Dear as life unto her children
Is the death-trust of our Saviour,
Is the Blessed Virgin Mary,
The Immaculate Conception.

Blessed art thou, Maid and Mother!
Chosen daughter of the Father,

Radiant Mother of the Saviour,
Bride unto the Holy Spirit!
Where her throne is set in glory,
Near the Seat of the Eternal,
Glows the flush of risen planets,
Falls the splendor of the starlight.
Queen of Saints, and Queen of Angels,
To the King her voice uplifting
Stands the Blessed Virgin Mary,
The Immaculate Conception.

Holy Church in psalms of beauty,
Praises Mary ever Virgin,
Sings the great and glorious Mother
Of high God, the Word incarnate,
Sings one marvelous exemption
From the lot of fallen nature,
Sings the highest theme of graces,
The Immaculate Conception.
Holiest of all God's creatures,
Sings the Church through all the ages,
Is the Blessed Virgin Mary,
The Immaculate Conception.

In America, the golden,
In the greatest of the nations,
Holy Church throughout the homeland,
Honors Mary as her patron.

And the sweetest invocation,
"Without sin," goes on unceasing,
As the light that falls from Heaven,
As the shade that wraps our slumber.
Dear as freedom to our people,
Is devotion to God's Mother,
To the Blessed Virgin Mary,
The Immaculate Conception.

—"I. H. M."

A GENERAL SURVEY OF THE UNIVERSE

There is a God. The plants of the valley and the cedars of the mountain bless his name; the insect hums his praise; the elephant salutes him with the rising day; the bird glorifies him among the foliage, the lightning bespeaks his power, and the ocean declares his immensity. Man alone has said, "There is no God."

Has he then in adversity never raised his eyes toward heaven? has he in prosperity never cast them on the earth? Is nature so far from him that he has not been able to contemplate its wonders; or does he consider them as the mere result of fortuitous causes? But how could chance have compelled crude and stubborn materials to arrange themselves in such exquisite order?

It might be asserted that man is the *idea of God*

displayed, and the universe *his imagination made* manifest. They who have admitted the beauty of nature as a proof of a supreme intelligence, ought to have pointed out a truth which greatly enlarges the sphere of wonders. It is this: motion and rest, darkness and light, the seasons, the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, which give variety to the decorations of the world, are successive only in appearance, and permanent in reality. The scene that fades upon our view is painted in brilliant colors for another people; it is not the spectacle that is changed, but the spectator. Thus God has combined in his work absolute duration and progressive duration. The first is placed in time, the second in space; by means of the former, the beauties of the universe are one, infinite, and invariable; by means of the latter, they are multiplied, finite, and perpetually renewed.

Here time appears to us in a new point of view; the smallest of its fractions becomes a complete whole, which comprehends all things, and in which all things transpire, from the death of an insect to the birth of a world; each minute is in itself a little eternity. Combine, then, at the same moment, in imagination, the most beautiful incidents of nature; represent to yourself at once all the hours of the day and all the seasons of the year, a spring morning and an autumnal morning, a night spangled with stars and a night overcast with

clouds, meadows enameled with flowers, forests stripped by the frosts, and fields glowing with their golden harvests; you will then have a just idea of the prospect of the universe. While you are gazing with admiration upon the sun sinking beneath the western arch, another beholds it emerging from the regions of Aurora. By what inconceivable magic does it come, that this aged luminary, which retires to rest as if weary and heated, in the dusky arms of night, is at the very same moment that youthful orb which awakes bathed in the dew, and sparkling through the gray curtains of the dawn?

Every moment of the day the sun is rising, glowing at his zenith, and setting on the world; or rather our senses deceive us, and there is no real sunrise, noon, or sunset. The whole is reduced to a fixed point, from which the orb of day emits, at one and the same time, three lights from one single substance. This triple splendor is perhaps the most beautiful incident in nature; for, while it affords an idea of the perpetual magnificence and omnipresence of God, it exhibits a most striking image of his glorious Trinity.

We can not conceive what a scene of confusion nature would present if it were abandoned to the sole movements of matter. The clouds, obedient to the laws of gravity, would fall perpendicularly upon the earth, or ascend in pyramids into the air; a moment afterward

the atmosphere would be too dense or too rarefied for the organs of respiration. The moon would at one time be invisible, at another would appear bloody and covered with enormous spots, or would alone fill the whole celestial concave with her disproportionate orb. Seized, as it were, with a strange kind of madness, she would pass from one eclipse to another, or, rolling from side to side, would exhibit that portion of her surface which earth has never yet beheld.

The stars would appear to be under the influence of the same capricious power; and nothing would be seen but a succession of tremendous conjunctions. One of the summer signs would be speedily overtaken by one of the signs of winter; the Cow-herd would lead the Pleiades, and the Lion would roar in Aquarius; here the stars would dart along with the rapidity of lightning, there they would be suspended motionless; sometimes, crowding together in groups, they would form a new galaxy; at others, disappearing all at once, and, to use the expression of Tertullian, rending the curtain of the universe, they would expose to view the abysses of eternity.

No such appearance, however, will strike terror into the breast of man, until the day when the Almighty will drop the reins of the world, employing for its destruction no other means than to leave it to itself.

— CHATEAUBRIAND.

MESSIAH

A Sacred Eclogue

Ye nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more — O Thou my voice inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire !

Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies :
Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heav'ns ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !

See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise,
With heads declined, ye cedars homage pay;
Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!

The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear Him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face He wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,

And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs He raises in His arms,
Feeds from His hand, and in His bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage,
The promised Father of the future age.

No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plowshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.

The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.

Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green luster of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,

Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light Himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains; —
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

— ALEXANDER POPE.

ON A PICTURE OF OUR LADY

This is that blessed Mary, preëlect
God's Virgin. Gone is a great while, and she
Dwelt young in Nazareth of Galilee.
Unto God's will she brought devout respect,
Profound simplicity of intellect,
And supreme patience. From her mother's knee
Faithful and hopeful; wise in charity;
Strong in grave peace; in pity circumspect.
So held she through her girlhood; as it were
An angel-watered lily, that near God
Grows and is quiet. Till, one dawn at home,
She woke in her white bed, and had no fear
At all — yet wept till sunshine and felt awed:
Because the fullness of the time was come.

— DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE MONKS IN THE MIDDLE AGES

To the clergy, secular and regular, we are indebted for agriculture, as well as for our colleges and hospitals. The tillage of uncultivated lands, the construction of roads, the enlargement of towns and villages, the institution of post-houses and inns, arts, trades, and manufactures, commerce internal and external, laws, civil and political, — in a word, everything we originally received from the Church. Our ancestors were barbarians, whom Christianity was obliged to teach even the art of raising the necessaries of life.

Almost all grants made to monasteries in the early ages of the Church consisted of wastes which the monks brought into cultivation with their own hands. Trackless forests, impassable morasses, extensive heaths, were the sources of that wealth with which we have so vehemently reproached the clergy.

Thus our fields, now so flourishing, are partly indebted for their harvest and their flocks to the industry and frugality of the monks.

Moreover, example, which is frequently of so little avail in morality, because the passions destroy the good effects of it, has a powerful influence over the material part of life. The sight of several thousands of monks cultivating the earth gradually undermined those barbarous prejudices which looked with contempt

upon the art of agriculture. The peasant learned in the convent to turn up the glebe and to fertilize the soil. The baron began to seek in his field treasures less precarious than what he procured by arms. The monks, therefore, were in reality the founders of agriculture both as husbandmen themselves, and as the first instructors of our husbandmen.

Even in our own days this useful spirit had not forsaken them. The best-cultivated fields, the richest peasants, and those the best fed and the least annoyed, the finest teams, the fattest flocks, and the best-regulated farms, were found in the possession of the abbeys. This, in our opinion, could not be a just subject of reproach to the clergy.

But if the clergy brought the wilds of Europe under cultivation, it was they, too, that multiplied our hamlets and enlarged and embellished our towns. The places which first emerged from barbarism were those that were subject to ecclesiastical princes. Europe owes half of its monuments and useful foundations to the munificence of cardinals, abbots, and bishops.

The clergy found the soil uncultivated; they covered it with luxuriant harvests. Having acquired opulence by their industry, they expended their revenues in the erection of public buildings.

— Count Chateaubriand.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

— Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE CHRISTOPHERS, OR CHRIST-BEARERS

A Poem, Most Humbly and Reverently Dedicated to His Holiness Pope Pius IX., by the Author.

PART FIRST

Far in the olden time, as story tells,
A holy hermit of gigantic frame
(Some twelve feet high, of matchless strength, 'tis said)
Bridged for the pilgrims with his stalwart back

A rapid stream, nor pont nor keel might bear.
This chosen toil long years he glad pursued
For love of Him, the Mightiest, whom he served —
The Son of Mary whom he dearly loved;
Eternal life, the only guerdon sought.
Till on one dreary night, from deep sleep roused,
The old man promptly rose at piteous call:
"O come, good Opher, bear me o'er the stream."
Seizing his pine-tree staff, he sallies forth,
Despite the scowling heaven's black, threatening look
And boist'rous river's deep'ning, furious roar;
With eager zeal swift strides the foaming surge,
But finds no pilgrim waiting for his aid.
Delusion of a dream he deems the cry,
And seeks, content, his lowly bed of straw;
But scarce had slumber sealed his drowsy lids,
When, hark! the silv'ry voice, in accents fond:
"Come, gentle Opher, bear me o'er the stream."
Starting surprised, again he dares the gloom,
And patient fords the dismal river's bound,
Yet naught but solitude and darkness greets;
Marv'ling the cause disturbing thus the night,
Homeward he slowly hies with weary feet,
Hoping at length his wonted rest to gain;
But scarce asleep ere comes the thrilling cry,
More urgent pleading, most persuasive sweet:
"O come, strong Opher, bear me o'er the stream."

Then, as a lion rousing from his lair,
He shakes the slumbers from his giant limbs,
Resolved within the compass of the night,
Or man or mouse, his hidden foe to find,
Courag'ous braves the wildly raging storm
And threads once more the cold, cold, midnight waves.
When, lo ! in glist'ning white a child appears,
A tiny, beauteous form, of presence rare !
Fond, trustful eyes beaming resistless love,
A face seraphic in its full delight.
A radiant glory streaming soft and clear
Around the golden ringlets, waving free,
Lighted the gloom, and fair displayed, en route,
A lamb, on banner blue right gayly borne,
And globe, poised jaunty in the little hand.
"For sports prepared ! The day were better chose
Than this murk hour," the old man cheerful thought,
Wond'ring that one so young should be abroad
In such strange guise, so late at night, alone,
In storm to terrify the stoutest heart.
"Canst bear me over ?" calmly asked the boy.
"Why, sure, brave little man ! marching so grand,
I'll do my very best to speed thee on.
Although the river as a caldron boils
I'll bear thee safe as in thy mother's arms.
Life were small loss to save thy glorious youth.
Nor do I fear" (stooping to test his weight

On two huge fingers poised) "thou'lt swamp my boat,
Light weight with all thy rattletraps, I trow.
Then as a ship her signal mounts aloft,
I'll wear thee as a feather in my cap."
So, sportive, raised the lovely burthen high
And placed as crown upon his silvery head,
Then turned to stem the waves. But, O the weight,
The fast-increasing, leaden-sinking weight!
The tott'ring Samson feels the pillars give.
Just as the moon, emerging from a cloud,
A dense black cloud, illumes the dark abyss,
He's fain to lower the child, and 'wildered asks,
"Who art thou, Master? for methinks in thee
The world's great load I on my shoulders bear.
Ah, but that winning, that celestial smile!
Yes, death were welcome, such dear life to save."
And with an energy no force resists,
With desp'rate effort straining every nerve,
While foaming waters madly gird him round,
The struggling Atlas wins, at length, the shore,
Resigns his precious load, and prostrate sinks,
Exhausted, faint. "Nor can I further go,
Sweet Master, I am hurt." Then spake the boy,
With majesty supreme that awed his soul,
In voice that stilled the tumult of the storm
Lifting the hands with benedictions fraught,
"Thy sins, kind Opher, are forgiven thee.

Henceforth be Christopheros named, for thou,
The Christ, the Son of Mary, long hath borne.
In bearing pilgrims, thou hast carried me,
Thy Lord and Master, whom thou well hast served.
Know, in my kingdom there is great reward.
Plant the dry staff which years hath been thy stay,
And thou shalt see the mighty power of God."
Faded the glorious vision into light,
Leaving the startled night to deep repose.
Then knew the hermit that his time was brief,
And, joyful to depart, since he had seen
His dear Lord's face and heard His gracious words
Premonishing of heaven, straightway obeyed:
Planted the tree; before the morn it greened,
Budded and blossomed ere the close of day,
And in the evening time, when all was peace,
Angels conveyed to Abram's bosom, safe,
The toil-worn spirit of the aged saint.

PART SECOND

A charming legend! well may be believed,
E'en by the skeptic mind that questions God.
Prefiguring, vivid, in minutest point,
The Christopheros in due time that came;
The matchless chief, whose giant mind, inspired,
Balanced the globe and struggled with its weight;
Whose twice-repeated, earnest, pleading call,

"O bear me over," met no kind response,
Till, sweetly gleaming 'thwart the "dark obscure"
(Ever the brightest in man's gloomiest hour),
The moonlight love of woman lent its aid!
Then, with his trinity of barks so frail,
The dauntless hero, with audacious skill,
Bridged o'er that virgin wave ne'er keel had pressed,
The deep Atlantic's world-wide, flowing stream,
The desert solitude of ocean vast,
Pilot and hermit in severest sense.
Italia's nobly gifted son was he,
Whose mission high of rare emprise is found
Couched in the mystic meaning of his name.
Chosen of God, a mighty load to bear,
As dove sent joyful forth in quest of land,
Cleaving, with tireless wing, a "lone profound,"
So he, through dismal glooms and tempests fierce,
And passion's furious rage and mutiny,
With sickness of the heart from "hope deferred,"
Bore calmly on through perils strange and dire
O'er the blue wave the spotless Lamb of God,
The Son of Mary, to the far-off shore.
Salvator Mundi! to the red man's home,
The Eden West! in mighty oceans shrined,
Long lost to view, magnificent, sublime!
But ah, whose touch, exquisite, e'er might paint
The mingled passions pent within his soul,

The transport calm, enchaining every sense,
When Christopher Columbus first beheld,
In peaceful beauty swathed, the newborn World!
The giant infant in unconscious sleep!
The Moses cradled in the mighty deep!
Fair, glorious fruit, I ween, of fond desire
And long, long cherished, burning, chastened love!
Should not some bitter dregs that chalice hold,
Whose cup of nectar mortals seldom quaff?
'Twas thine, Columbus, thine, to drain such draught,
But oh! what rapture thrilled his inmost soul
With love, with gratitude, and holy joy,
When brave Columbus nobly landed free,
His fiery ordeal past, his heart's wish won,
Plucked the bright olive branch of blissful peace,
And in deep homage prostrate kissed the ground!
Then, as the fragrant incense lofty rose
From altar high, grateful as promptly reared,
He, through the sacred hands of holy priest,
Adoring, offered to almighty God,
For his lone pilgrim band, and that strange race,
And wond'rous mercy to himself vouchsafed,
The living sacrifice God deigns accept,
The sin-effacing Lamb, our Jesus slain.
Awful, stupendous mystery of faith,
Bursting with sudden glow the heathen's night,
Comprising, in its simple act divine,

The various typic rites enjoined the Jews,
To pour man's soul into his Maker's hand,
Uniting us with Christ, his name to bear.
Then, glad, he planted in the welcome soil
The staff he bore, had long supported him —
That tree whose fruit is life, the precious Cross!
And ah! how swift it greened and broadly spread
The boldest fancy never had presaged,
Till the wild desert blossomed as the rose,
And swarthy nations, joyful, called Her blest,
Whose womb immaculate "the Christ" first bore.

Analogy most strange and briefly traced
By one, whose vision, hopeless dimmed, finds not
The usual aids resort for fancy dull,
Chilled by the frosts of threescore years and eight,
Still looks to fountains of exhaustless flow.
Who, quiet, waits beside that solemn stream,
Unsafe to cross without the Christ we bear,
Yet humbly trusteth in His pow'rful might,
The glorious victor over death and hell,
Who, for the love of sinful, erring man,
Lone trod the winepress of the wrath of God,
To bear us safe to life's ecstatic shore.
Amen, my soul, good angels be thy speed!

— Mary Anne Spooner.

A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN FRANCE

My good Mother:

Sunday, while I was kept in my bedroom by a headache, I watched from my window the imposing procession of the Blessed Sacrament. It is really magnificent. All the streets are strewn with leaves and large palms, of the kind that one sees in pictures representing the entrance of Jesus Christ into Jerusalem. On this bed of leaves, flowers are thrown in such a way that the procession is constantly moving on a real carpet of leaves and flowers.

This bed of verdure, which is furnished by the inhabitants of each house, replaces the beacons which we use at home, but which cannot be procured in a country where wood is so very dear and so rare. From each window along the streets through which the procession passes, large white cloths are suspended, through which are interlaced garlands of flowers, or pious inscriptions are made with the flowers, such as: To the Glory of the Blessed Sacrament! etc. The procession is preceded by a magnificent squadron of hussars, and all the little girls of the community follow by its side dressed in white, with belts crosswise, and carrying on their heads crowns of flowers, which make a charming effect. Afterwards come the pupils of the friars, of whom there are many thousands.

After these follow the clergy from all the parishes of the village, and finally comes the daïs upon which the coadjutor bears the Blessed Sacrament. I have never seen anything so magnificent as this daïs. It is a veritable monument all draped in gold and marvelous embroideries. The summit is in the form of a dome and surmounted with new plumes of dazzling whiteness. It is so exceedingly heavy and large that it takes ten men to carry it.

Immediately after the daïs comes the cardinal archbishop, a venerable old man of eighty-two years. He is accompanied by the staff officer of the place in full uniform, and the constituted authorities. A squadron of hussars closes the procession. But that which gives to the pageant its fairylike aspect is the innumerable number of banners, many of which are of inconceivable beauty and richness.

The entire procession advanced between two lines of soldiers. Throughout the entire course the attitude of the spectators was becoming and suitable, for it should not be forgotten that Bordeaux is a seaport town and harbors sailors from all corners of the globe.

YOUR POOR CHILD,

—OCTAVE CRÉMAZIE.

BORDEAUX, June 24, 1876.

SELECTION FROM KING HENRY VIII

Act III. Scene II

CHARACTERS

King Henry the Eighth	Earl of Surrey
Cardinal Wolsey	Lord Chamberlain
Duke of Norfolk	Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey, later Secretary to the King
Duke of Suffolk	
Sir Thomas Lovell	

Enter the King, *reading a schedule; and* Lovell

Suffolk. The king, the king.

King Henry. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of Thrift,
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords,—
Saw you the cardinal?

Henry VIII

Norfolk. My lord, we have

Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon. In most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

KING HENRY. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found
There, — on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing, —
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate that it outspeaks
Possession of a subject.

NORFOLK. It's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

KING HENRY. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.

WOLSEY. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!

KING HENRY. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind, the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

WOLSEY. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

KING HENRY. You have said well.

WOLSEY. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

KING HENRY. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you;
He said he did, and with his deed did crown

His word upon you: since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

WOLSEY. (*Aside.*) What should this mean?

SURREY. (*Aside.*) The Lord increase this business!

KING HENRY. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true;
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

WOLSEY. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavors: my endeavors
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fill'd with my abilities. Mine own ends
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing
Till death, that winter, kill it.

KING HENRY. Fairly answer'd;

A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated. The honor of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honor, more
On you than any, so your hand and heart,
Your brain and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

WOLSEY. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labor'd
More than mine own; that am true, and will be,
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul. Though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

KING HENRY. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't. — Read over this:
[*Gives him papers.*
And, after, this; and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit* KING, *frowning upon* CARDINAL WOLSEY; *the nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*

WOLSEY. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes; so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger. — 'Tis so;
This paper has undone me! — 'Tis the account

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?

I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this? — "To the pope"?
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to 's holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting; I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY, *and the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN

NORFOLK. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Asher house, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.
WOLSEY. Stay;
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.
SUFFOLK. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
WOLSEY. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it —

I mean your malice — know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now, I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are molded — envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king —
Mine and your master — with his own hand gave me,
Bade me to enjoy it, with the place and honors,
During my life, and to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it?

SURREY. The king that gave it.

WOLSEY. It must be himself, then.

SURREY. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

WOLSEY. Proud lord, thou liest;
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

SURREY. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law;
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland,

Far from his succor, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an ax.

WOLSEY. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts; how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honor,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

SURREY. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life blood of thee else. — My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

WOLSEY. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

SURREY. Yes, that goodness

Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into thy own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope against the king; your goodness
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious. —
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues —
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen —
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. — I'll startle you.

WOLSEY. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it.

NORFOLK. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand;
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

WOLSEY. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise
When the king knows my truth.

SURREY. This cannot save you.
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

WOLSEY. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,

It is to see a nobleman want manners.

SURREY. I had rather want those than my head. Have at you.

First, that without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

NORFOLK. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, "Ego et Rex meus"
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

SUFFOLK. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

SURREY. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

SUFFOLK. That out of mere ambition you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

SURREY. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance —
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience —
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;

Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

CHAMBERLAIN. O, my lord,
Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue.
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

SURREY. I forgive him.

SUFFOLK. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is, —
Because all those things you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a præmunire, —
That, therefore, such a writ be sued against you,
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. — This is my charge.

NORFOLK. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So, fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but* WOLSEY.

WOLSEY. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms

And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening — nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride,
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. (O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors)
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. —

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

CROMWELL. I have no power to speak, sir.

WOLSEY. What! amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

CROMWELL. How does your grace?
WOLSEY. Why, well:
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace, and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy — too much honor.
O, 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!
CROMWELL. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.
WOLSEY. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks —
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel —
To endure more miseries, and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
CROMWELL. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.
WOLSEY. God bless him!
CROMWELL. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.
WOLSEY. That's somewhat sudden;
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice

For truth's sake and his conscience, that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

CROMWELL. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

WOLSEY. That's news indeed!

CROMWELL. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

WOLSEY. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O Cromwell!
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee.
Some little memory of me will stir him —
I know his noble nature — not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide

For thine own future safety.

CROMWELL. O my lord!
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord! —
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
Forever and forever shall be yours.

WOLSEY. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell:
And — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of — say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues; be just, and fear not.

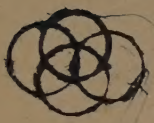
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And, — prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

CROMWELL. Good sir, have patience.

WOLSEY. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

— SHAKESPEARE.



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